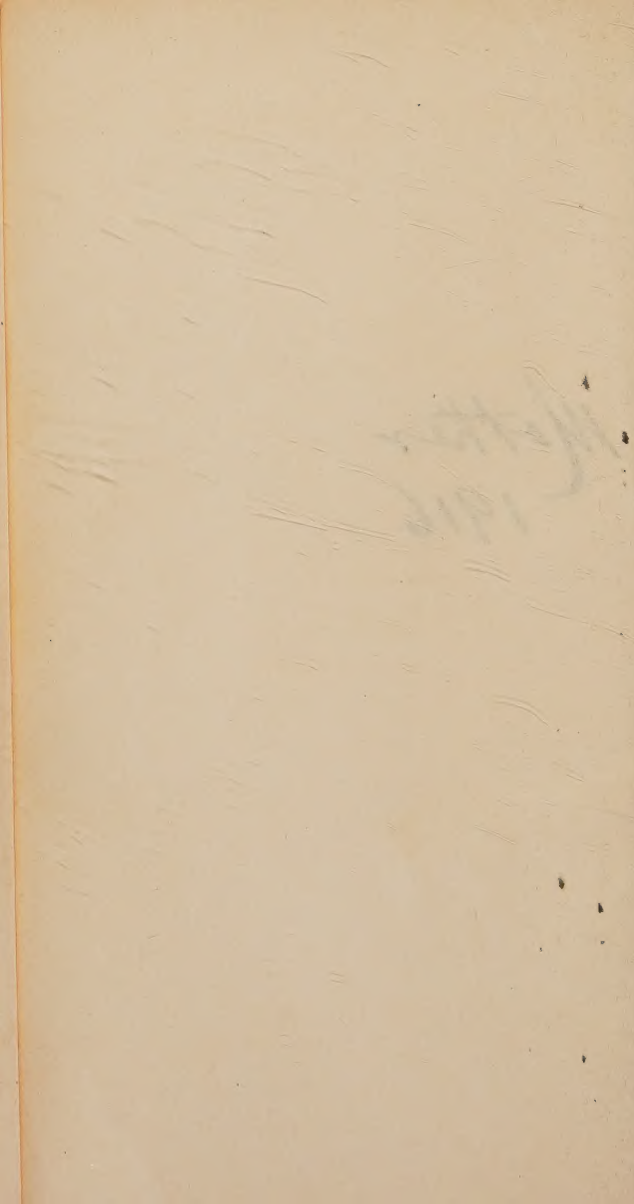


SUNSHINE
AND LOVE

KATHARINE
G. SPEAR

Mother
1916



SUNSHINE AND LOVE

COMPILED BY
KATHARINE G. SPEAR

*"Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Sky-blue and Spring."*

—BROWNING

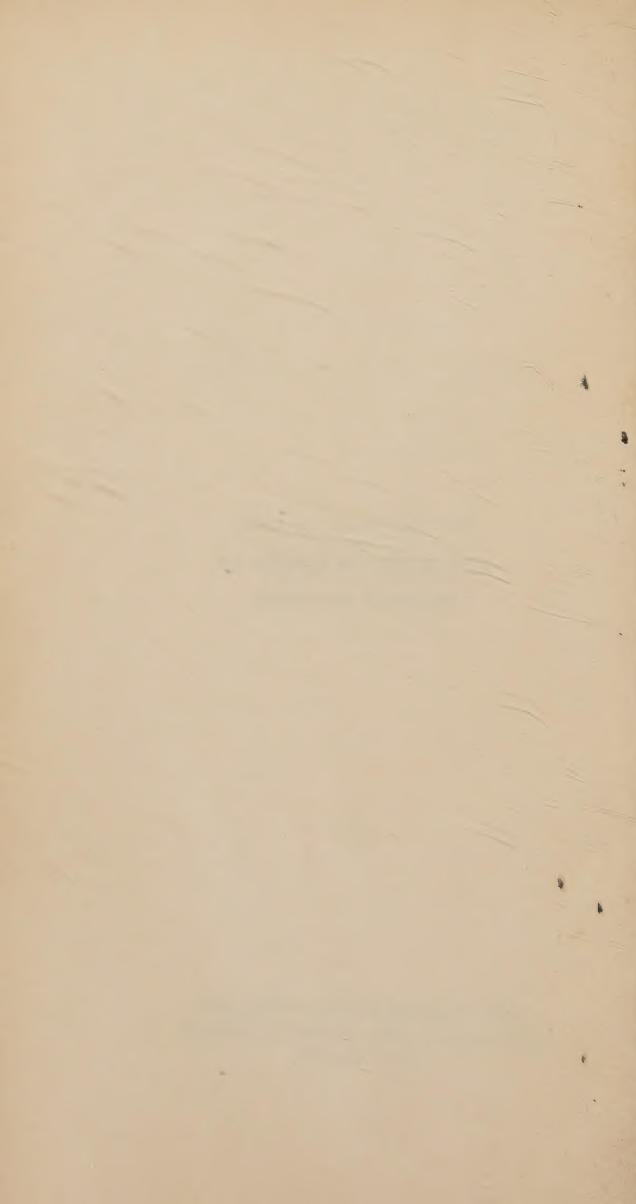


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TO THE GLORY OF GOD,
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARY C. GOUCHER



PREFACE

On the making of devotional books to use every day in the year, there is no end; and yet it seems to the compiler of this that there is room for it in the world. Most of them are full of battle-cries, "To the work! to the work!" and "Go, labor on!" which have a discouraging sound to those who have been providentially withheld from the joy of active service. The keynote of this is found in Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness:"

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."



JANUARY,	-	-	SUNSHINE AND LOVE.
FEBRUARY,	-	-	PRAYERFULNESS.
MARCH,	-	-	COMFORT.
APRIL,	-	-	RESIGNATION.
MAY,	-	-	COURAGE.
JUNE,	-	-	CONSECRATION.
JULY,	-	-	PATIENCE.
AUGUST,	-	-	GRATITUDE.
SEPTEMBER,	-	-	STRENGTH.
OCTOBER,	-	-	PEACE.
NOVEMBER,	-	-	OUR HEAVENLY HOPE.
DECEMBER,	-	-	JOY.



JANUARY 1.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In him was life; and the life was the light of men.—*John i, 1, 4.*

NOW ONWARD, ever onward, from
strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall
from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's
foretaste here,
Until His very Presence crown our hap-
piest New-Year.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

OTHE wonderful richness of life when it is all thus backed by the priority of God! It is the great illumination of all living.—*Phillips Brooks.*

JANUARY 2.

I AM the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev. xxii, 16, 17.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 “I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!”
I looked to Jesus and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I’ll walk
 Till all my journey’s done.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

“WE are sure only of this, that the silent New-Year can only bring that which is wisely chosen for us by Him who is infinitely just and true and good. Whatever shall come with the coming days, it will be the gift of the Father’s love, that which will speak of his faithfulness and work together for our good.”

JANUARY 3.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 *Cor. iv, 6.*

How BEAUTIFUL it is to be alive!

To wake each morn as if the Maker's
grace

Did us afresh from nothingness derive,

That we might sing, "How happy is
our case!

How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw
nigh,

Into the ocean of time past to dive

For memories of God's mercies, or to try

To bear all sweetly, hoping still to cry,

"How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness

Strive still some new progression to
contrive;

Till, just as any other friend's, we press

Death's hand; and having died, feel
none the less

How beautiful it is to be alive.

—*Henry Septimus Sutton.*

JANUARY 4.

I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.—*Jer. xxxi, 3.*

O LOVE, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I can not close my heart to thee;
I trace the sunshine through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.
—*G. Matheson.*

JANUARY 5.

BUT unto you that fear my name shall
the Sun of righteousness arise with
healing in his wings.—*Mal. iv, 2.*

IN the morning cometh singing,
Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
Healing on his wings of light.

Are the twilight shadows casting
Heavy glooms upon thy heart?
Soon in radiance everlasting
Night forever shall depart.

Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
Solemn herald of the day;
Singing cometh in the morning.
God shall wipe thy tears away.

F. R. Havergal.

JANUARY 6.

GOD so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—*John iii, 16.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
—*Isaac Watts.*

JANUARY 7.

FOR he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

—2 Cor. v, 21.

15

Have such kindly judgment given.

So THE All-Great were the All-Loving,
too;

So, through the thunder comes a human
voice,

Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats
here!

Face, my hands fashioned, see it in my-
self!

'Thou hast no power nor may 'st conceive
of mine,

But love I gave thee, with myself to
love,

And thou must love me who have died
for thee.

—Robert Browning.

THE end of life is to be like unto
God, and the soul following God will be
like unto him; he being the beginning,
middle, and end of all things.

—Socrates.

JANUARY 8.

BELOVED, let us love one another:
for love is of God; and every one that
loveth is born of God and knoweth God.
He that loveth not knoweth not God;
for God is love.—1 *John iv*, 7, 8.

THERE is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgments given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the head.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

JANUARY 9.

ARE not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.

—*Matt. x, 29, 31.*

NAUGHT at all,
Whatever else befall,
Can keep us from the hollow of God's
hand. —*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

GOD rules; not a sparrow falls without him; and therefore, as providence unrolls the will of God for us, the true child is to accept and obey. Now he brings an opportunity; now he lays a burden. Now he tries us with prosperity; now with sorrow. Now he sends us into battle and temptation; now he lays us on beds of pain and idleness. Now he wounds and now he heals; the way opens under his divine guidance. It may lift us up, it may cast us down. In all, infinite wisdom, the Father's goodness, and eternal righteousness move.

—*George T. Purves.*

JANUARY 10.

THE Son of man is come to seek and
to save that which was lost.

—*Luke xix, 10.*

BUT none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert he heard its cry,—
'T was helpless and sick and ready to
die.

But all through the mountains thunder-
riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry from the gates of
heaven,
“Rejoice! I have found my sheep!”
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his
own!” —*E. C. Clephane,*

JANUARY 11.

THEN spake Jesus again unto them,
saying, I am the light of the world: he
that followeth me shall not walk in
darkness, but shall have the light of
life.—*John viii, 12.*

O THOU the Lord and Maker of life
and light!

Full heavy are the burdens that do
weigh

Our spirits earthward, as through
twilight gray,

We journey to the end and rest of night;
Though well we know, to the deep in-
ward sight,

Darkness is but thy shadow, and the
day

Where thou art never dies, but sends
its ray

Through the wide universe with rest-
less might.

O Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in
thee!

That when the daylight trembles into
shade,

And falls the silence of mortality,

And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from
what doth seem,

Into the very heart and heaven of our
dream.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

JANUARY 12.

BY this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—*John xiii, 35.*

FOR life, with all it yields of joy and
 woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged
 friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learn-
 ing love,
How love might be, hath been indeed,
 and is;
And that we hold thenceforth to the
 uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And having gained truth, keep truth:
 that is all. —*Robert Browning.*

TO LOVE abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever.—*Drummond.*

JANUARY 13.

THIS sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.

—*John xi, 4.*

“I HAD much seed to sow,” said one ;

“I planned

To fill broad furrows, and to watch
it spring,

And water it with care. But now
the hand

Of Him to whom I sought great
sheaves to bring

Is laid upon his laborer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at his palace
gate.

Now I have nothing, only day by day

Grace to sustain me till the day is
done ;

And some sweet passing glimpses by
the way

Of him, the Altogether Lovely
One ;

And some strange things to learn, un-
learnt before,

That make the suffering light, if it
but teach me more.”

—*F. R. Havergal.*

JANUARY 14.

FOR the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

—*Psa. lxxxiv, 11.*

SUN of my soul! thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

—*John Keble.*

JANUARY 15.

FOR ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light.—*Eph. v, 8.*

WALK in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.
—*Bernard Barton.*

NOTHING in the world is really luminous to a mind unilluminated by religion; and if we say that the Christian walks in the light, it is not so much that he can always understand God, as it is that he has confidence in him and has him always near.—*Bushnell.*

JANUARY 16.

GREATER love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his
friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do
whatsoever I command you.

—*John xv, 13, 14.*

THE light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

—*F. W. Faber.*

IT is a good thing to be rich, and a
good thing to be strong; but it is a bet-
ter thing to be beloved of many friends.

—*Epictetus.*

“IT is good to have a friend, and to
be loved by a loving and true friend;
but it is better to be a friend, and to be
loving and true as a friend. Loving is
ever better than being loved, as giving
is ever greater gain than getting.”

—*Sunday-school Times.*

JANUARY 17.

BUT God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—*Rom. v, 8.*

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth swinging, turn-
ing,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God, whose loving
Can not hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,—
Love divine of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.
—*Saxe Holm.*

JANUARY 18.

I AM crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—*Gal. ii, 20.*

WHEN the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

—*John Bowring.*

JANUARY 19.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds.—*Heb. i, 1, 2.*

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
glows;

O Brightness of the Father's glory,
Thou,

Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where thou art present, darkness can
not be:

Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord,
with thee.

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

JANUARY 20.

AFTER that the kindness and love of God our Savior toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior.—*Titus iii, 4, 5, 6.*

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free;
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

The letter fails and systems fail,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all
Eternal Love remains.

—Whittier.

JANUARY 21.

EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard,
neither have entered into the heart of
man, the things which God hath pre-
pared for them that love him. But
God hath revealed them unto us by his
Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all
things, yea, the deep things of God.

—1 Cor. ii, 9, 10.

Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,
We whom God loves? When pain ends,
gain ends too.

To me that story—aye, that Life and
Death

Of which I wrote “it was”—to me, it is;
—Is, here and now: I apprehend
naught else.

Is not God now i’ the world his power
first made?

Is not his love at issue still with sin,
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?
Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else
around?

Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise
To the right hand of the throne—what
is it beside,

When such truth, breaking bounds,
o’erfloods my soul,

And, as I saw the sin and death, even so
See I the need yet transiency of both.
The good and glory consummated
thence!

—Robert Browning.

JANUARY 22.

AND the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him.

—*Rev. xxi, 2, 3.*

WITH mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

—*A. R. Cousin.*

JANUARY 23.

I AM persuaded that neither death,
nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,
nor powers, nor things present, nor
things to come, nor height, nor depth,
nor any other creature, shall be able to
separate us from the love of God, which
is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

—*Rom. viii, 38, 39.*

Ev'N the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness stream-
eth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
—*John Bowring.*

JANUARY 24.

THY sun shall no more go down:
neither shall thy moon withdraw it-
self: for the Lord shall be thine ever-
lasting light, and the days of thy
mourning shall be ended.—*Isa. lx. 20.*

THERE are no shadows where there is
no sun.

There is no beauty where there is no
shade;

And all things in two lines of glory run.

Darkness and light, ebon and gold
inlaid.

God comes among us through the clouds
of air;

And his dim track is like the silvery
wake

Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain
lake,

Fading and reappearing here and there.

The lamps and veils through heaven
and earth that move.

Go in and out as jealous of their
light,

Like sailing stars upon a misty night.

Death is the shade of coming life: and

Love

Yearns for her dear ones in the holy
tomb,

Because bright things are better seen
in gloom.

—*F. W. Faber.*

JANUARY 25.

WE love him because he first loved us.—1 *John iv, 19.*

I LOVE thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee;
Solely because, my God, thou art
Who first hast loved me.

For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;

For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony;
Yea, death itself—all, all for me!
For me, thine enemy.

—*Francis Xavier.*

JANUARY 26.

GOD is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 *John i, 5, 7.*

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough
for me.

So long thy power hath blessed me,
sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces
smile

Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile.

—*John Henry Newman.*

JANUARY 27.

THAT Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

—*Eph. iii, 17-19.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling,

Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy humble dwelling;

All thy faithful mercies crown.

JESUS, thou art all compassion,

Pure, unbounded love thou art;

Visit us with thy salvation,

Enter every trembling heart.

—*Charles Wesley.*

JANUARY 28.

HE died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again. Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—*2 Cor. v, 15, 17.*

MEASURE thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give. --*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

THE reason why we have so many crosses, trials, wrongs, and pains is here made evident. We have not one too many for the successful culture of our faith. The great thing, and that which it is most of all difficult to produce in us, is a participation of Christ's forgiving gentleness and patience. This, if we can learn it, is the most distinctly Christian of all attainments.
—*Bushnell.*

JANUARY 29.

GRACE be with all them that love
our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

—*Eph vi, 24.*

Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.

Just to recollect his love
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.

Just to recognize its light
All enfolding;

Just to claim its present might,
All upholding.

Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away,—
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

—*F. R. Havergal.*

JANUARY 30.

LOVE suffereth long and is kind;
love envieth not; love vaunteth not it-
self, is not puffed up, doth not behave
itself unseemly, seeketh not its own,
is not provoked, taketh not account of
evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,
but rejoiceth with the truth.

—1 Cor. xiii, 4-6.

HEREIN is love,—to strip the shoulders
bare,

If need be, that a frailer one may wear
A mantle to protect it from the storm;
To bear the frost-king's breath so one
be warm.

To crush the tears it would be sweet
to shed,

And smile so others may have joy in-
stead.

—Anon.

NOTHING is sweeter than love, noth-
ing stronger, nothing higher, nothing
wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing
fuller or better in heaven or in earth;
for love is born of God, and can not
rest but in God, above all created
things.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

JANUARY 31.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
the Lord make his face shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee: the Lord
lift up his countenance upon thee, and
give thee peace.—*Num. vi, 24-26.*

MAY it rest upon us truly—this most
sweet and precious blessing!

May it rest in all its gladness on the
weary hearts below;

Strengthening all our feeble effort, life
and soul for aye possessing,

Gladdening weary hearts, and gently
soothing every aching brow!

In all life, in death—forever—may we
bear this benediction;

With thy lips, O God Almighty,
breathe upon us, we implore!

In the sun of earthly gladness, or the
shadows of affliction,

May we feel and know thy Presence
and thy blessing evermore!

—*Ada Cambridge.*

FOR the light that never failed and
the grace that never left us in the days
gone by; for the visions that dispelled
our doubt and the hopes that chastened
our sorrow, we lift our hearts to Thee
in praise and joy.

—*John Edgar McFadyen.*

FEBRUARY 1.

SEEK ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—*Isa. lv, 6.*

BE not afraid to pray; to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but
ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with
long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no
light.

Far is the time, remote from human
sight,
When war and discord on the earth
shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of
Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not
hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though material
leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:

But if for any wish thou darest not
pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish
away.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

FEBRUARY 2.

IF ye abide in me, and my words
abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will,
and it shall be done unto you.

—*John xv, 7.*

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer ;
No other thought her mind admits
But he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Savior's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful
prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so
pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

—*Tennyson.*

FEBRUARY 3.

WE have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—*Heb. iv, 15, 16.*

DIRECT, control, and sanctify each motion

Within my soul, and make it thus to be

Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,

A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of thee!

—*R. Massie, trans.*

FEBRUARY 4.

HAVE mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed. . . . The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.—*Psa vi, 2, 9.*

✓ In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
✓ Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

—*Robert Herrick.*

FEBRUARY 5.

WHOSOEVER shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

—*Rom. x, 13.*

SPEAK to him, thou, for he hears, and
Spirit with spirit can meet,—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet. —*Tennyson.*

WHEREFORE let us beseech him to grant us true repentance and his Holy Spirit, that those things may please him which we do at this present; and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy; so that at the last we may come to his eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—*Book of Common Prayer.*

FEBRUARY 6.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain ; and forgive all my sins.

—*Psa. xxv, 18.*

O SAVIOR Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

—*Henry Twells.*

A CHRISTIAN counts sorrow lighter in the scale than sin ; he can bear that his troubles should continue, but he can not support the burden of his transgressions.—*Spurgeon.*

FEBRUARY 7.

HE shall call upon me and I will
answer him : I will be with him in trou-
ble ; I will deliver him and honor him.
—*Psa. xci, 15.*

O THOU, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !
—*James Montgomery.*

FEBRUARY 8.

Is ye then, being evil, know how to
give good gifts unto your children, how
much more shall your Heavenly Father
give his Holy Spirit to them that ask
him?—*Luke xi, 13.*

My flesh in torture oft repines
At what God for my good designs;
My spirit the repiner chides,
Submissive to God's will abides;
God my disease and temper weighs;
No pang superfluous on me lays.

Why then should I my pains decline,
Inflamed by pure love divine?
Let them run out their destined course,
And spend upon me all their force;
Short pains can never grievous be,
Which work a blest eternity.

—*Thomas Ken.*

FEBRUARY 9.

PRAYING always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

—*Eph vi, 18.*

PRAY for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore
let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and
day.
For what are men better than sheep or
goats
That nourish a blind life within the
brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every
way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God.

—*Tennyson.*

OUR minds all over the world commune through the one Mind that is present in them all.—*E. E. Jenkins.*

FEBRUARY 10.

BE careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—*Phil. iv, 6.*

GIVE me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
O be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

Grant these requests: I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

—*John Newton.*

FEBRUARY 11.

PRAY ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—*Matt. ix. 38.*

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

—*E. H. Gates.*

MORE to be desired than gold, more to be sought than a great name or apparent opportunities for large usefulness, of deeper significance than high intellectual attainments or power of popular influence, is this gift. May God give it to each one of us.—the secret and sweetness of unceasing, prevailing, triumphant prayer for the coming of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ!

—*Robert Spier.*

FEbruary 12.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and retained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

—John vi, 15.

Thank, surely, I may well, you, Ex-
cept a word of which I'll not be proud
and this, it is better known, but I'll say,
it is my heart's desire.

—John xii, 24.

Angels in heaven, we are glad,
And you on heavenly ground,
Here and there and through of every
I am the expression of the love,
That we, who are here in the world,
Have no more any feeling of,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And so ever, I am, with you.

—S. W. H. H. H.

Whether the children are not
nature is growing up and fast;
but the own growth is not the purpose,
and by and by, when the children are
grown up, the world shall know of all
surprised at the progress, and
the children have come to it in the
world's heart. —F. B. B.

FEBRUARY 13.

ASK, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—*Matt. vii, 7.*

VOUCHSAFE, O Heavenly Father, to
instruct me
In the straight way wherein I ought
to go ;
To life eternal and to heaven conduct
me,
Through health and sickness, and
through weal and woe.
—*R. Massie, trans.*

PRAYER is as much a law of the mind of man as gravitation is a law of matter.—*E. E. Jenkins.*

FEBRUARY 14.

Is ANY among you afflicted? let him pray. . . . Pray one for another, that ye may be healed.

—*James v, 13, 16.*

IN our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

Then my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

—*Oliver Holden, alt.*

FEBRUARY 15.

CONTINUE in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.

—*Col. iv, 2.*

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
THERE is an ear that never shuts
When sinks the beams of light.

THERE is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
THERE is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

THAT eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
THAT arm upholds the sky;
THAT ear is filled with angel songs;
THAT love is throned on high.

BUT there's a power which man can
wield
When mortal aid is vain,
THAT eye, that arm, that love to reach,
THAT listening ear to gain.

THAT power is prayer, which soars on
high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the
world,
To bring salvation down.

—*John A. Wallace.*

FEBRUARY 16.

NOW I BESEECH you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.—*Rom. xv, 30.*

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—*S. T. Coleridge.*

WE commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are in any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate; that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

—*Book of Common Prayer.*

FEBRUARY 17.

LIKEWISE the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

—*Rom. viii, 26, 28.*

SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its
pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou
art,
And make me love thee as I ought to
love.

Teach me to feel that thou art always
nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul
to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel
sigh,
Teach me the patience of unanswered,
prayer.

—*George Croly.*

FEBRUARY 18.

PRAY for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified.—*2 Thess. iii, 1.*

How BEAUTEOUS on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things!

—*Benjamin Gough.*

PRAYER and missions are as inseparable as faith and works; in fact, prayer and missions are prayer and works. Jesus Christ, by precept, by command, and by example, has shown with great clearness that he recognizes the greatest need of the enterprise of world-wide evangelization to be the need of prayer. Before “give” and before “go” comes “pray.”

—*John R. Mott.*

FEBRUARY 19.

WATCH and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

—*Matt. xxvi, 41.*

ONCE again to wake, nor wish to sleep;
Once again to feel, nor feel a pain!
Rouse thy soul to watch and pray and
weep,
Once again.

Hope afresh, for hope shall not be vain:
Start afresh along the exceeding
steep
Road to glory, long and rough and
plain.

Sow and reap; for while these moments
creep,
Time and earth and life are on the
wane.
Now, in tears; to-morrow, laugh and
reap

Once again.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

HOW GREAT is the delight which comes when any man discovers that God really has been answering him all the time when he thought that his prayers were all unheard.—*Phillips Brooks.*

FEBRUARY 20.

BUT the end of all things is at hand ;
be ye therefore sober, and watch unto
prayer.—1 *Peter iv*, 7.

O 'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day ;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray,—
'T is thy Savior
On his bright, returning way.

Heaven is my soul's salvation ;
Spent the night, the day at hand ;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee till I stand,
O my Savior,
In thy bright and promised land.

—J. S. B. Monsell.

FEBRUARY 21.

TAKE ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is.

—*Mark xiii, 33.*

THOUGHTS of His coming! For that joyful day

In patient hope I watch and wait and pray;

The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,

And what a sunrise will that advent be!

—*Anon.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, now and ever. Amen.

—*Advent Collect, Book of Common Prayer.*

FEBRUARY 22.

OUR Father, which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.—*Matt vi, 9.*

HE doth set his bow in the cloud,
and thus renews, in the sound of every
drooping swathe of rain, his promises
of everlasting love. And all those pass-
ings to and fro of fruitful shower and
grateful shade, and all those visions of
silver palaces built about the horizon,
and voices of moaning winds and
threatening thunders, and glories of
colored robe and cloven ray, are but to
deepen in our hearts the acceptance,
and distinctness, and dearness of the
simple words, "Our Father, which art
in heaven."—*Ruskin.*

FEBRUARY 23.

THY kingdom come.—*Matt. vi, 10.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successsive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
—*Isaac Watts.*

THE times and seasons pass along
under thy feet and go and come at thy
bidding ; and as thou didst dignify our
fathers' days with many revelations
above all their foregoing ages since thou
tookest the flesh, so thou canst vouch-
safe to us, the unworthy, as large a por-
tion of thy Spirit as thou pleasest ; for
who shall prejudice thy all-governing
will ? Seeing the power of thy grace
is not passed away with the primitive
times, as bold and faithless men im-
agine, but thy kingdom is now at hand,
and thou standing at the door, come
forth out of thy royal chambers, O
Prince of all the kings of the earth, put
on the visible robes of thy imperial
majesty ; take up that unlimited scep-
ter which thy Almighty Father hath be-
queathed thee ; for now the voice of thy
bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh
to be renewed.—*John Milton.*

FEBRUARY 24.

THY will be done in earth as it is in heaven. —*Matt. vi, 10.*

OUR wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.
—*Tennyson.*

THE definition of an ideal life: "A man after my own heart, who will fulfill all my law." The object of life: "I come to do thy will, O God." The first thing you need after life is food: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." The next is society: "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." You want pleasure: "I delight to do thy will, O God." Then, when all is over, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—*Henry Drummond.*

FEBRUARY 25.

GIVE us this day our daily bread.

—*Matt. vi. 11.*

GIVE us our daily bread.

O God, the bread of strength:

For we have learnt to know

How weak we are at length:

As children we are weak.

As children must be fed:

Give us thy grace, O Lord.

To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread.

To cheer our fainting soul:

The feast of comfort, Lord.

And peace to make us whole:

For we are sick of tears,

The useless tears we shed;

Now give us comfort, Lord.

To be our daily bread.

—*A. A. Procter.*

FEBRUARY 26.

—AND forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.—*Matt. vi, 12.*

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

—*John H. Gurney.*

FEBRUARY 27.

AND lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.—*Matt. vi, 13.*

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial,
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall.
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

—*James Montgomery.*

FEBRUARY 28.

FOR thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

—*Matt. vi, 13.*

GOD Almighty! King of nations!
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne!

Thine the greatness, power, and glory,
thine the kingdom, Lord, alone!

Life and death are in thy keeping, and
thy will ordaineth all,

From the armies of thy heavens to
an unseen insect's fall.

In thy sovereignty rejoicing, we thy
children bow and praise,

For we know that kind and loving, just
and true are all thy ways;

While thy heart of sovereign mercy and
thine arm of sovereign might,

For our great and strong salvation, in
thy sovereign grace unite.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

FEBRUARY 29.

PRAY without ceasing.

—*1 Thess. v, 17.*

CONTINUING instant in prayer.

—*Rom. xii, 12.*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

—*Hugh Stowell.*

PRAYER is the greatest force that we can wield. It is the greatest talent which God has given us. There is a democracy in this matter. We may differ among ourselves as to our wealth, as to our social position, as to our educational equipment, as to native ability, as to our inherited characteristics; but in this matter of exercising the greatest force that is at work in the world to-day, we are on the same footing.

—*John R. Mott.*

MARCH 1.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul?
and why art thou disquieted within me?
hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise
him, who is the health of my coun-
tenance, and my God.—*Psa. xlii, 11.*

EARTH changes, but thy soul and
God stand sure.—*Browning.*

ALPINE flowers are warmed by the
snow; the summer beauty of our hills
and the autumn fertility of our valleys
have been caused by the cold embrace
of the glacier; and so, by the chill of
trial and sorrow are the outlines of the
Christian character molded and beauti-
fied. And we who recognize the loving-
kindness as well as the power of God in
what may seem the harsher and more
forbidding agencies of nature, ought not
to be weary and faint in our minds, if
over our own warm human life the same
kind, pitying hand should sometimes
cause his snow of disappointment to fall
like wool, and cast forth his ice of ad-
versity like morsels; knowing that even
by these unlikely means shall ultimately
be given to us too, as to nature, the
beauty of Sharon and the excellency of
Carmel.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

MARCH 2.

BEHOLD, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it can not save: neither his ear heavy, that it can not hear.

—*Isa. lix, 1.*

YE fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

—*William Cowper.*

MARCH 3.

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

—*Psa. xxiii, 4.*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

THE sight of him, the words of him, lift us up into quietness and confidence in face of doubt and fear and death, and fill the unknown world beyond with glory.

But his quest of us must be answered by our quest of him. Would we be truly Godlike, we must pursue as he pursues, following in the footsteps of Christ, till at the last he sets us at God's right hand.—*John E. McFadyen.*

MARCH 4.

AS ONE whom his mother comforteth,
so will I comfort you: and ye shall be
comforted.—*Isa. lxvi, 13.*

SPEAK low to me, my Savior, low and
sweet,

From out the hallelujahs, sweet and
low,

Lest I should fear and fall and miss
thee so,

Who art not missed by any that entreat.

Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!

And if no precious gums my hands
bestow,

Let my tears drop like amber, while
I go

In reach of thy divinest voice complete

In humanest affection—thus in sooth

To lose the sense of losing. As a
child,

Whose song-bird seeks the wood for
evermore,

Is sung to in its stead by mother's
mouth,

Till, sinking on her breast, love-rec-
onciled,

He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

MARCH 5.

MY God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—*Phil. iv, 19.*

“FORGET not all the sunshine of the
way
By which the Lord hath led thee, answered prayers
And joys unasked, strange blessings,
lifted cares,
Grand promise echoes! Thus each
page shall be
A record of God’s faithfulness to thee.”

FROM the sunlit heights of life the deep valleys and hollows of its necessities look darkest; but to the faithful whose path lies there, there is still light enough to show the way, and to no other eyes do the everlasting hills and blue heavens seem so brilliant.

—*James Martineau.*

MARCH 6.

IN all their affliction he was afflicted,
and the angel of his presence saved
them: in his love and in his pity he re-
deemed them: and he bare them and
carried them all the days of old.

—*Isa. lxi. 9.*

THINK not of what is from thee kept:
Think, rather, what thou hast re-
ceived:

Thine eyes have smiled, if they have
wept;

Thy heart has danced, if it has
grieved.

Rich comforts yet shall be thine own:

Yea, God himself shall wipe thine
eyes;

And still his love alike is shown

In what he gives, and what denies.

—*H. S. Sutton.*

THERE is no human being who ever
has known the misery of man as Jesus
knows it; and so he comes to all sor-
rows with tender consolation.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

MARCH 7.

How PRECIOUS also are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them ! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand : when I awake, I am still with thee.

—*Psa. cxxxix, 17, 18.*

E'EN this, Lord, didst thou bless—
This pain of sleeplessness—
The livelong night.

Urging God's gentlest angel from thy side,
That anguish only might with thee abide

Until the light.
Yea, e'en the last and best,
Thy victory and rest,
Came thus to thee ;
For 't was while others calmly slept
around,
That thou alone in sleeplessness wast
found
To comfort me.

—*John B. Tabb.*

NEVER fear to bring the sublimest comfort to the smallest trouble.

—*Phillips Brooks*

MARCH 8.

ALL his saints are in thy hand.

—*Deut. xxxiii, 3.*

HE will not leave thee, he will not depart,
Nor loose thee, nor forget thee; but
will clasp
Thee closer in the thrilling of his arms;
No prayer of ours shall ease before their
time.
He gives his angels charge of those who
sleep:
But he himself watches with those who
wake. —*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

Go WITH each of us to rest; if any
dream, be their dreams quiet; if any
awake, temper to them the dark hours
of watching; and when the day returns,
return to us our sun and comforter, and
call us up with morning faces and with
morning hearts—eager to labor, eager
to be happy, if happiness shall be our
portion, and if the day be marked for
sorrow, strong to endure it.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

MARCH 9.

BLESSED be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

—2 Cor. i, 3-5.

O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing
power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

—F. R. Havergal.

O FATHER of mercies and God of all consolation, I give thanks to thee that sometimes thou art pleased to cherish with thy consolation me, who am unworthy of any consolation.

O Lord God, my holy Lover, when thou shalt come into my heart, all that is within me shall be filled with joy.

—Thomas à Kempis.

MARCH 10.

CASTING all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—*1 Pet. v, 7.*

THINK not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

—*William Blake.*

WE put all our troubles together and we cry, "How shall I get over them?" Well, they will come only one at a time, and as they come the strength will come with them.—*Spurgeon.*

MARCH 11.

I THE Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee.—*Isa. xlii, 6.*

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly
rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering
breast
Who opes his arms, and bids the
weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest di-
vine;
And since then I am his, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores sup-
plied;
The ill is only what he deems the
best;
He for my friend, I 'm rich with naught
beside,
And poor without him, though of all
possest
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am his, while he is
mine. —*Henry Francis Lyte.*

MARCH 12.

LET not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—*John xiv, 1-3.*

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

—*Phæbe Cary.*

MARCH 13.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.

Lam. iii, 22, 23.

"THERE is no rose without a thorn."

Who has not found this true?
And known that griefs of gladness born,
Our footsteps still pursue?

But Faith and Love, with angel's might,
Break up life's dismal tomb,
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose;
Their happy song floats full and long,
"No thorn without a rose."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

MARCH 14.

Now OUR Lord Jesus Christ himself,
and God, even our Father, which hath
loved us, and hath given us everlasting
consolation and good hope through
grace, comfort your hearts.

—2 *Thess. ii, 16, 17.*

No SIGH but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound but the Lord of love
Shall pour his comfort in.

No withered hope, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way;
No anxious care, for he will bear
Thy burdens every day.

Thy claim to rest on Jesus' breast
All weariness shall be,
And pain thy portal to his heart
Of boundless sympathy.

No conflict but the King's own hand
Shall end the glorious strife;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

MARCH 15.

WHATSOEVER things were written
aforetime were written for our learning,
that we through patience and comfort
of the Scriptures might have hope.

—*Rom. xv, 4.*

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy Book, alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

—*George Herbert.*

WE may further rejoice to do his will
as revealed in Scripture. Here he has
gone beyond the starlight of conscience
and flooded the world with the sun-
light of his revelation.

—*George T. Purves.*

MARCH 16.

THIS is my comfort in my affliction :
for thy word hath quickened me. . . .
Thy statutes have been my songs in the
house of my pilgrimage. I have re-
membered thy name, O Lord, in the
night, and have kept thy law.

—*Psa. cxix, 50, 54, 55.*

THY word is light, thy word is life and
power ;
By it, O guide me in each trying hour.

—*Albert Midlane.*

WE treat God with irreverence by
banishing him from our thoughts, not
by referring to his will on slight occa-
sions. There is nothing so small but
that we may honor God by asking his
guidance of it, or insult him by taking it
into our own hands ; and what is true
of the Deity is equally true of his revela-
tion. We use it most reverently when
most habitually ; our insolence is in ever
acting without reference to it ; our true
honoring of it is in its universal appli-
cation.—*Ruskin.*

MARCH 17.

LET your conversation be without
covetousness; and be content with such
things as ye have: for he hath said, I
will never leave thee nor forsake thee.
—*Heb. xiii, 5.*

WE overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination (given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels overshadowed
By God's clear glory) down our earth
to rake

The dismal snows instead,---flake fol-
lowing flake,

To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level
thrown,

And pant like climbers. Near the al-
derbrake

We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud as else she would.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and
sin

Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein
That by the grief of ONE came all our
good.

—*E. B. Browning.*

MARCH 18.

MANY are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—*Psa. xxxiv, 19.*

JESU is in my heart; his sacred name
Is deeply carvèd there; but the other
week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces, which I went to
seek;
And first I found the corner where
was *I*;
After, where *E S*, and next where *U*
was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease*
you,
And to my whole is JESU.

—George Herbert.

MARCH 19.

MY help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth. He will
not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that
keepeth thee will not slumber.

—*Psa. cxxi, 2, 3.*

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me;
And can I be dismayed?

—*Anna L. Waring.*

THE sense of something which they
can not know, of some one greater, infi-
nitely greater, than themselves, sur-
rounds their life, and there is strength
and peace, as when the ocean takes the
ship in its embrace, as when the rich,
warm atmosphere enfolds the earth.—
Phillips Brooks.

MARCH 20.

YET I am not alone, because the
Father is with me.—*John xvi, 32.*

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to
him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him,
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo him
last
From under the trees they drew him
last;
'T was on a tree they slew him last
When out of the woods he came.
—*Sidney Lanier.*

It is the cross that makes the peace
so sweet. Amid the tears of grief peace
keeps her silent place, like the rainbow
upon the spray of the cataract.
—*Bonar.*

MARCH 22.

I WILL pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—*John xiv, 16, 17.*

LIKE the dew Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

—*George Rawson.*

MARCH 23.

“It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

—*John xvi, 7.*

THOU whom Jesus, from his throne,
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone,—
Hear us, Holy Spirit!

Come to strengthen all the weak;
Give thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak.
Hear us, Holy Spirit!

—*R. E. Littledale.*

MARCH 24.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and
he shall sustain thee : he shall never suf-
fer the righteous to be moved.

—*Psa. lv, 22.*

JUST to trust and yet to ask
Guidance still ;
Take the training or the task
As he will.
Just to take the loss or gain
As he sends it ;
Just to take the joy or pain
As he lends it.
He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim ;
So to-day and all the days
Shall be molded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things ;
All we can not understand,
All that stings !
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all ! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best !
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

MARCH 25.

THOUGH he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.—*Lam. iii, 32.*

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for evermore have set,

The things that our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper tint of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most true. —*Anon.*

MARCH 26.

IN the multitude of my thoughts
within me thy comforts delight my
soul.—*Psa. xciv, 19.*

BUT all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main ac-
count;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet
swelled the man's amount.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel
the pitcher shaped.

—*Robert Browning.*

MARCH 27.

SO SHALL we ever be with the Lord.
Wherefore comfort one another with
these words.—*1 Thess. iv, 17, 18.*

NO LOVE which on earth, amid all the
shows of it,
Has ever been the sole good of life
in it,
That love ever growing there, spite
of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from Death's
repose of it. —*Browning.*

LORD, make me know thee aright,
that I may more and more love and en-
joy and possess thee. And since in the
life here below I can not fully attain
this blessedness, let it at least grow
in me day by day, until it all be ful-
filled at last in the life to come. Here
be the knowledge of thee increased,
and there let it be perfected. Here let
my love to thee grow, and there may it
ripen, that my joy being here great in
hope, may there in fruition be made
perfect.—*St. Anselm.*

MARCH 28.

THIS is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.—1 *John ii, 25.*

OTHER heights in other lives. God willing.—*Browning.*

It is but a very little while we have, at the longest, in which to pray, to trust, to suffer, to labor: and much of it is gone already. Let us make the most of what is left: "redeeming the time because the days are evil." And when the Good Shepherd leads his ransomed flock to pastures ever green and waters ever still, on the delectable mountains of the true land of promise, then we shall say from our hearts, as none can quite say on this side of the river. "In thy presence is fullness of joy: at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."
—*Bishop Thorold.*

MARCH 29.

LET us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love: and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another.

—1 *Thess. v, 8-11.*

LIFT us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may
dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

—C. Wordsworth.

MARCH 30.

WHEN thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

—*Isa. xliii, 2.*

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and
press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.
—*J. G. Whittier.*

MARCH 31.

AND the Lord went before.

—*Ex. xiii, 21.*

THE winds blow fierce across the barren wild;

The storm-clouds gather darkly on our way;

'T is cold! But O, that loving face and mild,

Which goes before!—there first the shadows stay;

And tempests reach him first, our Shepherd there;

What he endures shall we complain to bear?

The night comes on—'t is dark! the stars are dim;

We can not see the way! But O, that form

Which goes before! the night comes first to him,

And darkness first is his,—as was the storm;

Shall we shrink back, or tremble to go on,

Where he, our Shepherd, first for us hath gone? —*J. H. T.*

APRIL 1.

I WAIT for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.

—*Psa. cxxx, 5, 6.*

LORD, when my heart was whole I kept
it back,

And grudged to give it thee.

Now, then, that it is broken, must I
lack

Thy kind word, "Give it me?"

Silence would be but just and thou art
just.

Yet since I lie here shattered in the
dust,

With still an eye to lift to thee,

A broken heart to give,

I think that thou wilt bid me live,

And answer, "Give it me."

—*Christina Rossetti.*

RESIGNATION is putting God between
oneself and one's grief.

—*Mme. Swetchine.*

APRIL 2.

MY hope that . . . Christ shall
be magnified in my body, whether it be
by life or by death. For to me to live
is Christ, and to die is gain.

—*Phil. i, 20, 21.*

I'AM thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day; beneath thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine?
The winds, the bees, the wholesome
stuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown;
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me
down;
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die, that after I may grow
As tall, as sweet again.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

APRIL 3.

It is God which worketh in you both
to will and to do of his good pleasure.

—*Phil. ii, 13.*

LEANING on him, make with reverent
meekness

His own thy will,
And with strength from him shall thy
utter weakness
Life's tasks fulfill.

And that cloud itself, which now before
thee

Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the in-
ner glory
Be stricken through.

—*Whittier.*

God will always find us a work to do,
a niche to fill, a place to serve—nay,
even a soul to save—when it is his will,
and not ours, that we desire to do; and
if it should please him that we should
sit still for the rest of our lives, doing
nothing else but waiting on him, and
waiting for him, why should we com-
plain?—*Bishop Thorold.*

APRIL 4.

Y^e ought to say, If the Lord will,
we shall live, and do this, or that.

—*James iv, 15.*

Lord, grant me grace to love thee in my
pain,

Through all my disappointment love
thee still,

Thy love my strong foundation and my
hill,

Though I be such as cometh not again,
A fading leaf, a spark upon the wane;
So evermore do thou thy perfect will,
Beloved through all my good, through
all mine ill;

Beloved, though all my love beside be
vain.

If thus I love thee, how wilt thou love
me,

Thou who art greater than my heart?
(Amen!)

Wilt thou bestow a part, withhold a
part?

The longing of my heart cries out to
thee,

The hungering, thirsting longing of
my heart:

What I forewent wilt thou not grant
me, then?

—*Christina Rossetti.*

APRIL 5.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God;
from him cometh my salvation.

—*Psa. lxxi, 1.*

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“Let us,” said he, “pour on him all we
can;
Let the world’s riches which dispersèd
lie
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom,
honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a
stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treas-
ure
Rest in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said he,
“Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Na-
ture,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restless-
ness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.”

—*George Herbert.*

APRIL 6.

ABBA, Father, all things are possible unto thee: take away this cup from me: nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.—*Mark xiv, 36.*

IF but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done!”
—*Charlotte Elliott.*

APRIL 7.

MY times are in thy hand.

—*Psa. xxxi, 15.*

“MY times are in thy hand;”

Whatever they may be;

Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,

As best may seem to thee.

“MY times are in thy hand;”

Why should I doubt or fear?

My Father’s hand will never cause

His child a needless tear.

—*Lloyd.*

THOSE whom God calls to a kingdom,
he calls to sufferings on the way to it.

—*Leighton.*

APRIL 8.

AS THE sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.—*2 Cor. i, 5.*

LORD, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
thine.

O, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night.
—*Josiah Conder.*

HE must not be dejected nor despair; but calmly remain, awaiting the will of God, and bear for the glory of Jesus Christ whatever shall befall him; because after the winter cometh summer; after the night the day returneth; after the storm cometh a great calm.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

APRIL 9.

BE still, and know that I am God.
—*Psa. xlvii, 10.*

AND we shall see how, while we frown
and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and
me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our
cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could
see;
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving baby-
hood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us
now
Life's sweetest things because it
seemeth good.

. . . Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans like lilies pure and white
unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves
apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach
the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed,
may rest,
Where we shall clearly see and under-
stand,
I think that we will say, "God knew
the best."
—*Anon.*

APRIL 10.

BLESSED is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.—*Psa. xciv, 12.*

LORD, I had chosen another lot,—

But then I had not chosen well;

Thy choice and only thine is good:

No different lot, search heaven and hell,

Had blessed me, fully understood;

None other, which thou orderest not.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

FAITH says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but, "God sent it and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask him for the lifting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

APRIL 11.

RETURN unto thy rest, O my soul;
for the Lord hath dealt bountifully
with thee.—*Psa. cxvi, 7.*

AND shall we, then, be restless in the
search
For other proofs and witnesses of God,
Before our hearts have rested on the
One

He gave us in our very flesh to know?
Impatient for the noonday, shall we
miss

The sunrise we shall never see again?
And all the tender colors of the dawn,—
The vision of the crimson clouds that
hang

Above us, and the lovely Morning Star
That will be vanished when the sun is
high? —*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

MEEKNESS and lowliness cure unrest
by making it impossible.

—*Henry Drummond.*

APRIL 12.

THOUGH he slay me, yet will I trust
in him.—*Job xiii, 15*

STILL will we trust, though earth seem
dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chas-
tening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway,
worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

Choose for us, God! nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou
hast designed:
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is un-
erring,
And we are fools and blind.

—*Wm. H. Burleigh.*

✓ To STAND with the good things of
life all stripped away, to stand beaten
and buffeted by storms of disaster and
disappointment, and yet to know as-
suredly in our own hearts that God
loves us, to know it so assuredly, with
the intercourse that lies between our
heart and his that we can freely let go
the outward tokens of his love,—this
surely is the perfection of a faithful
life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

APRIL 13.

I COME to do thy will, O God.
—*Heb. x, 7.*

O LORD, fulfill thy will,
Be the days few or many, good or ill;
Prolong them to suffice
For offering up ourselves thy sacrifice;
Shorten them if thou wilt,
To make in righteousness an end of
guilt.

Yea, they will not be long
To souls who learn to sing a patient
song;

Yea, short they will not be
To souls on tiptoe to flee home to thee.
O Lord, fulfill thy will:
Make thy will ours, and keep us patient
still,

Be the days few or many, good or ill.
—*Christina Rossetti.*

APRIL 14.

I CAME down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.—*John vi, 38.*

O, IN Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe,
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

—*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

THE effacement of self is not to come by sinking into sleep, but by a passionate desire that His will should be done, whether by us or by another. This is the history of all self-sacrifice, of all the martyrdoms, of all the crosses. This is what is going on in sick-rooms, where souls are learning patience, and on battlefields, where brave young soldiers are fighting for the truth.—*Phillips Brooks.*

APRIL 15.

IT is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes. . . . I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

—*Psa. cxix, 71, 75.*

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus
From thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On thine own breast.

'T is thy dear hand, O Savior,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

—*F. R. Havergal*

APRIL 16.

FOR he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.—*Heb. xi, 27.*

WE would see Jesus; this is all we're needing,—

Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;

We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,—

Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night! —*Anon.*

APRIL 17.

I COUNT all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.—*Phil. iii, 8.*

JESUS is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

APRIL 18.

BEHOLD, happy is the man whom
God correcteth: therefore despise not
thou the chastening of the Almighty:
for he maketh sore, and bindeth up:
he woundeth, and his hands make
whole.—*Job v, 17, 18.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he;
Know his love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness,
If he wounds thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Therefore whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway;
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake;
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Savior giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care:
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow! —*S. D. Carter.*

APRIL 19.

THE Lord grant you that ye may find
rest.—*Ruth i, 9.*

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-
place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours
begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my
face?

You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight?

*They will not keep you standing at
that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who
seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

APRIL 20.

LABORING fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.

—*Col. iv, 12.*

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!

Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,

So shall I walk aright.

—*H. Bonar.*

PUT me where Thou wilt and do with me in all things according to Thy will. Give what Thou wilt, and as much as Thou wilt, and at what time Thou wilt. I am in Thy hands, turn me hither and thither as Thou choosest.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

APRIL 21.

TAKE my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—*Matt. xi, 29.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad.
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

—*Bonar.*

CHRIST'S yoke is simply his secret for the alleviation of human life, his prescription for the best and happiest method of living. It is the beautiful work of Christianity everywhere to adjust the burden of life to those who bear it, and them to it. Without doing any violence to human nature, it sets it right with life, harmonizing it with all surrounding things.

—*Henry Drummond.*

APRIL 22.

REST in the Lord, and wait patiently
for him.—*Psa. xxxvii, 7.*

My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Although I be unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crowned
And send it from above.

—*J. Byrom.*

APRIL 23.

IN quietness and in confidence shall
be your strength.—*Isa. xxx, 15.*

NOT if we fill with fret and toil the
length

Of all our days shall we grow strong
and free

And helpful to our fellowmen; our
strength

In quietness and confidence shall be.

—*K. G. Spear.*

O LORD, by all thy dealings with us,
whether of joy or pain, of light or dark-
ness, let us be brought to thee. Let us
value no treatment of thy grace simply
because it makes us happy or makes
us sad, because it gives us or denies us
what we want; but may all that thou
sendest us bring us to thee, that know-
ing thy perfectness we may be sure in
every disappointment that thou art still
loving us, and in every darkness that
thou art still enlightening us, and in
every enforced idleness that thou art
still using us; yea, in every death that
thou art giving us life, as in his death
thou didst give life to thy Son, our
Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

Phillips Brooks.

APRIL 24.

THIS is the will of God, even your sanctification.—*1 Thess. iv, 3.*

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
All shall be well for me;
Each changing, future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

—*B. Schmolck.*

APRIL 25.

THERE remaineth therefore a rest to
the people of God.—*Heb. iv, 9.*

REST remains, when all is done,
Work and vigil, prayer and fast,
All fulfilled from first to last,
All the length of time gone past,
And eternity begun.

Fear and hope and chastening rod
Urge us on the narrow way:
Bear we now, as best we may,
Heat and burden of to-day;
Struggling, panting up to God.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

APRIL 26.

MY presence shall go with thee, and
I will give thee rest.—*Ex. xxxiii, 14.*

O, THE little birds sang east, and the
little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, his rest.

—*E. B. Browning.*

It is only when we see what it was
in Him that we can know what the
word Rest means. It is the mind at
leisure from itself. It is the perfect
poise of the soul; the absolute adjust-
ment of the inward man to the stress of
outward things; the preparedness
against every emergency; the stability
of assured convictions; the eternal calm
of an invulnerable faith; the repose of
a heart set deep in God.

—*H. Drummond.*

APRIL 27.

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord;
trust also in him; and he shall bring
it to pass.—*Psa. xxxvii, 5.*

STRIVE, yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp
it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait, yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance van-
ished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears;
May never repay your pleadings,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait and pray.
—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

APRIL 28.

FULFILL ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. . . . Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—*Phil ii, 2, 5.*

SERENE will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

—*Wordsworth.*

A GREAT thing is love—a great good every way; which alone lighteneth all that is burdensome, and beareth equally all that is unequal. For it carrieth a burden without being burdened, and maketh all else that is bitter sweet and savory. —*Thomas à Kempis.*

APRIL 29.

THE Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be forever.—*Psa. xxxvii, 18.*

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Come, Lord, when grace has made
me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows
all,
And I shall be with him.

—*R. Baxter.*

APRIL 30.

NOW THE God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

—*Heb. xiii, 20, 21.*

CHOOSE Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small:
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

THERE, as here, obedience to Christ and everlasting revelation of Christ to the obedient soul is to be the essence and delight of life. Let us do whatsoever he saith unto us now, that then we may be ready for the higher duties and the completer revelations which he will have to give us through eternity.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

MAY 1.

I AM Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

—*Rev. xxi, 6, 7.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.—*H. Bonar.*

IF we had our way most of us would choose a new set of circumstances, and would afterwards repent bitterly. God doeth better for His sons, disarming and illuminating the things which were against us, so that they become our protection—the storm on the surface hiding the eternal calm below.—*John Watson (Ian Maclaren).*

MAY 2.

IF God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?—*Rom. viii, 31, 32.*

THE year's at the spring, and day's at
the morn;

Morning's at seven; the hillside's
dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing; the snail's on
the thorn;

God's in his heaven,—all's right
with the world. —*Browning.*

EVEN the salvation of the world is accomplished through treachery, false witness, and a cross. Things which seemed dark or inexplicable, or even impossible for God to suffer without wrong in himself, are really bright with goodness in the end. What, then, shall we conclude but that, on the other side of the cloud, there is always a bright and glorious light, however dark it is underneath. —*Bushnell.*

MAY 3.

BE strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid, . . . for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.—*Deut. xxxi, 6.*

THE fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fullness of his promises crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of his glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fullness of his love.

“From glory unto glory!” Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;
Because we trust him fully, and know that he will guide,
And know that he will keep us at his beloved side.

“From glory unto glory!” Though tribulations fall,
It can not touch our treasure, when Christ is all in all!
Whatever lies before us, there can be naught to fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near?

—*F. R. Havergal.*

MAY 4.

CAST not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.—*Heb. x, 35.*

WHAT? was the promise made to thee
alone?

'Art thou th' excepted One?
An heir of glory without grief or pain?
O vision false and vain!

There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly
bow,

It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye
'T will crush them by and by.

Raise thy repining eyes and take true
measure

Of thine eternal treasure;
The Father of thy Lord can grudge
thee naught,—

The world for thee was bought;
And as this landscape broad—earth,
sea, and sky,—

All centers in thine eye,—
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

—*John Keble.*

MAY 5.

TRUST in him at all times ; ye people,
pour out your heart before him ; God is
a refuge for us.—*Psa. lxii, 8.*

Do NOT cheat thy Heart and tell her,
 “Grief will pass away ;
Hope for fairer times in future,
 And forget to-day.”
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain ;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
 And the stranger greet ;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
 But as dear friends meet ;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
 By her dusky wings,
Listening for the murmured blessing
 Sorrow always brings.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

MAY 6.

AND this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.—*1 John v, 11.*

THOU art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

—*George W. Doane.*

PERFECT correspondence would be perfect life.—*Herbert Spencer.*

UNINTERRUPTED correspondence with a perfect environment is eternal life, according to science. Life eternal is to know God. To know God is to correspond with God. To correspond with God is to correspond with a perfect environment. And the organism which attains to this, in the nature of things, must live forever. The incarnation is God making himself accessible to human thought.—God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ.

—*Henry Drummond.*

MAY 7.

WHEN thou liest down, thou shalt
not be afraid : yea, thou shalt lie down,
and thy sleep shall be sweet. . . .
For the Lord shall be thy confidence.—
Prov. iii, 24, 26.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine ;
Father, forgive my trespasses and keep
This little life of mine.

With lovingkindness curtain thou my
bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim
feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and thee,
No fears my soul's unswerving faith
can shake ;
All 's well, whichever side the grave for
me
The morning light may break.

—*Anon.*

MAY 8.

IN whom we have boldness and access
with confidence by the faith of him.—
Eph. iii, 12.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain when thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering
year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art
near.

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MAY 9.

WHAT time I am afraid, I will trust
in thee.—*Psa. lvi, 3.*

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
Thou 'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can
move.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent;
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own!

—*George Neumark.*

MAY 10.

IN the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge.—*Prov. xiv, 26.*

God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on. —*Faber.*

THE Divine Being is that to a Christian which home is to a weary traveler; it is his dwelling-place, the stay, the solace, the center and rest of his spirit; and hence he is constantly anticipating his arrival at home.—*Robert Hall.*

MAY 11.

FIGHT the good fight of faith, lay
hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. vi, 12.

O to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-
taken!

What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish,
the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did
I drivel,
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's
work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as
either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—
fight on, fare ever
There as here!"
—Browning.

MAY 12.

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast.—*Psa. lvii, 1.*

FOR us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the good discerns the good.
I trust Thee, while my days go on.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

THAT is what we need to know and feel, that we are traveling, not only to God, but with him every step of every journey; that he is a present God, present in the burning, cheerless wilderness as well as on the hill, whose verdure and waters invite us.

—*J. E. McFadyen.*

MAY 13.

IF our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.—1 *John iii*, 20, 21.

Who made the heart, 't is he alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

—*Robert Burns.*

MAY 14.

BE strong and of a good courage ; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed : for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—*Josh. i, 9.*

FRET not, poor soul ; while doubt and
fear

Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not nor scheme, but calmly wait ;
His choice is best.

While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

Strive not nor struggle ; thy poor might
Can never wrest

The meanest thing to serve thy will ;
All power is His alone : be still,
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear ? His wisdom
reigns

Supreme confessed ;
His power is infinite ; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above ;
So trust and rest.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

MAY 15.

THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—*Deut. xxxiii, 27.*

I CAN not tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;
But all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints
lead,
I take no anxious thought.

O perfect peace! O endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.
—*H. O. Knowlton.*

UNDERNEATH all the changes is the
unchangeableness of God.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

MAY 16.

BE not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—*Rom. xii, 21.*

OF fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more; for these, O
heart,

Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

BECAUSE I am as yet weak in love and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need of being strengthened and comforted by thee. Wherefore do thou visit me often, and instruct me in thy holy discipline.

Free me from all evil passions, and cure my heart of all disorderly affections; so that, inwardly healed and well purified, I may become apt to love, courageous to suffer, and steadfast to persevere.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

MAY 17.

It is I ; be not afraid.—*Matt. xiv, 27.*

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare ;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate thy way ;—
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us !

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear ;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair ;
Thou knowest all our anguish
And thou wilt bid it cease ;—
O Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us thy peace !
—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

MAY 18.

~ WE are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.—*2 Cor. v, 8, 9.*

“IT matters not how long we live, but *how.*”

How CLOSE to each other are pardon and paradise, the cross and the crown, the battle and the prize, the wilderness and Canaan, the darkest midnight and the morning dawn, Calvary and heaven!

—*Newman Hall.*

MAY 19.

FOR this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.—*Psa. xlviii, 14.*

As a fond mother when the day is o'er
Leads by the hand her little child to
 bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the
 floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
 door,
Not wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not
 please him more,—
So Nature deals with us, and takes
 away
Our playthings one by one, and by the
 hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay.
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the
 what we know.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

MAY 20.

THE Lord of hosts is with us: the
God of Jacob is our refuge.

—*Psa. xlv, 11.*

HERE let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That he in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the springtime's grassy
 spires;

Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own.

—*Whittier.*

THERE is no coming nearer of God
to man, except the showing to man how
near he is to man already. And there
is no coming near of man to God except
in the man's coming to know how near
he always has been to the Heavenly
Father.—*Phillips Brooks.*

MAY 21.

THOU hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.—*Psa. xviii, 35.*

AS THE marsh-hen secretly builds on
the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the
greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the
marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space
'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass
sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold of the
greatness of God.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

HEROISM is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—*Amiel.*

MAY 22.

TO HIM that overcometh will I give
to eat of the tree of life, which is in the
midst of the paradise of God.

—*Rev. ii, 7.*

'T is sorrow builds the shining ladder
up,

Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer
God

The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes un-
sealed.

True is it that death's face seems stern
and cold

When he is sent to summon those we
love;

But all God's angels come to us dis-
guised;

Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning
masks,

And we behold the seraph's face be-
neath,

All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of
God.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

MAY 23.

By his light I walked through darkness.—*Job xxix, 3.*

THE way is dark, my child ! but leads
to light.
I would not always have thee walk by
sight.
My dealings now thou canst not under-
stand :
I meant it so ; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child !

—H. N. C.

LET us walk in the light of Christ's
Word to direct us, in the light of his
example to guide us, in the light of his
approving smile to comfort us—until
at last, all darkness vanished, all shad-
ows passed away, in his own everlasting
light we see light clearly.

—*Hugh Macmillan.*

MAY 24.

FOR this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous. For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

—1 John v, 3, 4.

O HEAVENLY love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of the way,
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

—Bonar.

MAY 25.

THOU art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye.—*Psa. xxxii, 7, 8.*

THOU, Lord, my path shalt choose,
And my guide be!
What shall I fear to lose
While I have thee?
This be my portion blest,
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

This lightens every cross,
Cheers every ill;
Suffer I grief or loss,
It is thy will!
Who can make no mistake,
Chooseth the way I take;
He who can ne'er forsake,
Holds my hand still!

—*Anqn.*

MAY 26.

THESE things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—*John xvi, 33.*

IN his will is our peace.—*Dante.*

OUR Master having found out the deepest and dearest of all secrets—the way of peace—did give it into the hands of his friends, and all the world were a poor price to offer for peace. One can only give to another what he has owned himself, and as soon as Jesus makes his will and leaves peace to the twelve, it comes to our mind that he has endowed them with the chiefest good, and has given what, beyond all men that ever lived, he himself enjoyed. Whatever storms beat on the outer coast of his life, his soul was anchored in the fair haven of peace.

—*John Watson (Ian Maclaren).*

MAY 27.

WE are more than conquerors
through him that loved us.

—*Rom. viii, 37.*

DID we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

—*Martin Luther.*

GOD'S will is not so much a thing to which we must submit as a thing in which we should glory. It is not a rod beneath which we must bow, but a flag which we may follow. It is the one hopeful, glad, and glorious thing in the world.—*H. C. Trumbull.*

MAY 28.

HE that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.
Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—*Rev. iii, 5, 20.*

RESISTANCE to its pinions light
Uplifts the bird in airy flight;
Resistance to the wingèd soul
Uplifts it to the lofty goal.

—*John B. Tabb.*

THE soul of the Christian winging its way through this world to a better is aided rather than impeded in its spiritual migration by the contrary wind of trial. These storms that seemed against us, do only, when encountered in the right direction, assist to raise us and keep us steadily soaring towards heaven.—*H. T. Cheever.*

MAY 29.

BUT Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.

—*Heb. iii, 6.*

AND so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

—*H. W. Baker.*

WORK is good, and righteousness is good, and knowledge is good, but best of all is love. And all the other rooms in the soul are gathered under love. Be sure he will not fail in sacrifice who loves the Lord; his conscience will be tender that is bathed in love, and no one can know deep mysteries who does not love. Love is Jesus' chosen guest-chamber, and he that has Jesus for a guest has power, and goodness, and truth, and God.—*John Watson.*

MAY 30.

ABIDE in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.—1 *John ii*, 28.

KING of glory! reign forever—

Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever

Those whom thou hast made thine
own;

Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

—*Thomas Kelly.*

MAY 31.

I WILL both lay me down in peace,
and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest
me dwell in safety.—*Psa. iv, 8.*

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets.
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong.—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part,—
I give a patient God
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him. —*Anon.*

JUNE 1.

I HAVE chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.—*Isa. xlviii, 10.*

BE tranquil, O my soul!

Be quiet every fear!

Thy Father hath control,

And he is ever near.

Ne'er of thy lot complain,

Whatever may befall;

Sickness or care or pain,

'Tis well appointed all.

A Father's chastening hand

Is leading thee along;

Nor distant is the land

Where swells the immortal song.

O, then, my soul, be still!

Await high heaven's decree;

Seek but thy Father's will,

It shall be well for thee.

—*Thomas Hastings.*

JUNE 2.

BELOVED, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.—1 *Peter iv*, 12, 13.

WHEN through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine. —*George Keith*.

IT is by just these refining fires of trial and suffering that we are to be most advanced in that to which we aspire. The first thing that our Savior set himself to when he began his ministry was the inculcation of those traits that belong to the passive or patient side; for these, he well understood, were most remote from us, highest above us, and, most of all, cross to the impatient, stormy spirit of sin within us.
—*Bushnell*.

JUNE 3.

DEEP calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me.—*Psa. xlii, 7, 8.*

“DEEP calls to deep!”—man’s depth would be despair

But for God’s deeper depth: we sow to reap;

Have patience; wait, betake ourselves to prayer:

Deep answereth deep.

—*Christina Rosetti.*

SOMETIMES deep calls to deep, and man matches the profoundest exigencies with profound emotions and actions; sometimes shallow calls to shallow, and then there is the surface life of ordinary intercourse and easy carelessness; sometimes deep calls to shallow, and then you see men trifling with eternal things; sometimes shallow calls to deep, and then the powers which ought to wrestle with the mightiest problems are wasted on the insignificant whims and fancies of the hour.—*Phillips Brooks.*

JUNE 4.

I WILL bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.—*Zech. xiii, 9.*

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

JUNE 5.

WHEREIN ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.—1 *Peter i*, 6, 7.

CAN not we sing or say?
In silence let us pray,
And meditate
Our love-song while we wait.

—*Christina Rossetti*.

OUR untutored minds would work, from the heart's native ore, by a direct and speedy process, the implements of our destiny; but God pulverizes and smelts and casts and draws and bakes and hammers and fashions and tempers as his science dictates, and who shall say, in view of results, that his is not the better plan? Certainly it were as foolish in us to question the wisdom of his proceedings as in the savage to sneer at the well-considered processes of his learned competitor.

—*S. H. Platt*.

JUNE 6.

COME, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.—*Hos. vi, 1.*

“ONE sorrow more? I thought the tale complete.”

He bore amiss who grudges what he bore:

Stretch out thy hands, and urge thy feet to meet

One sorrow more.

Yea, make thy count for two or three or four:

The kind physician will not slack to treat

His patient while there's rankling in the sore,

One sorrow more.

Bear up in anguish, ease will yet be sweet;

Bear up all day, for night has rest in store:

Christ bears thy burden with thee, rise and greet

One sorrow more.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

JUNE 7.

HE must suffer for my name's sake.

—*Acts ix, 16.*

BUT if impatient, thou let slip thy
cross,

Thou wilt not find it in this world
again,

Nor in another; here, and here alone,
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.

In other worlds we shall more perfectly

Serve him and love him, praise him,
work for him,

Grow near and nearer him with all de-
light;

But then we shall not any more be
called

To suffer, which is our appointment
here.

Canst thou not suffer then one hour,—
or two?

—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

ALL pain, sickness, weariness, dis-
tress, languor, agony of mind or body,
whether in ourselves or others, is to be
treated reverently, seeing it is our
Maker's hand passing over us; fashion-
ing by suffering, the imperfect or de-
cayed substance of our souls.

—*Dr. Pusey.*

JUNE 8.

YE have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

—*Heb. xii, 5, 6.*

ENOUGH that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track:
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

—*Whittier.*

LORD, provided that my will remain true and firm towards thee, do with me whatsoever it shall please thee. So that thou cast me not off forever, nor blot me out of the Book of Life, what tribulation soever befalleth me shall not hurt me.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

JUNE 9.

THE will of the Lord be done.

—*Acts xxi, 14.*

LAI^D on thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my will this day, for Jesus'
sake;

I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-proud sacrifice to
make:

But here I bring, within my trembling
hand,

This will of mine—a thing that
seemeth small;

And thou alone, O God, canst under-
stand

How when I yield thee this, I yield
my all!

Hidden therein, thy searching gaze can
see

Struggles of passion, visions of de-
light,

All that I love, and am, and fain would
be,—

Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings
infinite.

It hath been wet with tears, and
dimmed with sighs,

Clenched in my grasp till beauty it
hath none;

Now from thy footstool where it van-
quished lies,

The prayer ascendeth, "May thy will
be done."

—*Anon.*

JUNE 10.

AS MANY as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.—*Rev. iii, 19.*

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou, forsooth, wouldst
fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, suffi-
ciently impressed.

—*Browning.*

THIS is the only world in which a Christian can suffer and suffer patiently and meekly. God help us to glorify him now, when we can.

—*M. D. Babcock.*

JUNE 11.

AND now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth them.

—*Job xxxvii, 21.*

Whate'er my darkness be,
'Tis not, O Lord, of thee;
The light is thine alone;
The shadows, all my own.

—*John B. Tabb.*

REMEMBER, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied.—*Bushnell.*

JUNE 12.

FOR unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.

—*Phil. i, 29.*

NO GOOD
Or glory of this life but comes by pain.
How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,
If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice,
Were swept away, and all were satiate-smooth;
If this were such a heaven of soul and sense
As some have dreamed of,—and we human still!
Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace
In this world, howsoever in the next;
And what we win and hold is through some strife.

—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

JUNE 13.

WHEN I fall, I shall arise: when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.—*Micah vii, 8.*

MY soul were dark,
But for the golden light and rainbow hue

That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,

Break on the view.

Enough to feel

That God indeed is good; enough to know

Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal

No beauteous bow.

—*Wm. Croswell.*

It will be found that things which at some time appeared to be dark afflictions, losses, trials, wrongs, defeated prayers, and deeds of suffering patience yielding no fruit,—are very apt afterward to change color, and become visitations of mercy. And so when God seems specially dark, he commonly brings out in the end some good or blessing, in which the subject discovers that his Heavenly Father only understood his wants better than he did himself.—*Bushnell.*

JUNE 14.

CHRIST also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps. . . . Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed.—*1 Peter ii, 21, 24.*

THOU the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

—*Godfrey Thring.*

EVERY sorrow is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which we must pass over on the cross, to bear us nearer to our home.—*Dr. Pusey.*

JUNE 15.

HE that findeth his life shall lose it:
and he that loseth his life for my sake
shall find it.—*Matt. x, 39.*

IF he should call thee from thy cross
to-day,
Saying, It is finished!—that hard cross
of thine
From which thou prayest for deliver-
ance,
Thinkest thou not some passion of re-
gret
Would overcome thee? Thou would'st
say, "So soon?"
Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
More patiently; I have not yet praised
God."
And he might answer to thee, "Never-
more!
All pain is done with." Whensoe'er
it comes,
That summons that we look for, it will
seem
Soon; yea, too soon. Let us take heed
in time
That God may now be glorified in us;
And while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly: since this alone,
The suffering, which is this world's
special grace,
May here be perfected and left behind.
—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

JUNE 16.

O BLESS our God, ye people, and
make the voice of his praise to be
heard; which holdeth our soul in life,
and suffereth not our feet to be moved.
For thou, O God, hast proved us; thou
hast tried us as silver is tried.

—*Psa. lxxvi, 8-10.*

THEN welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness
rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go!

Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,
never grudge the throe!

—*Browning.*

JUNE 17.

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.—*John xv, 1, 2.*

THE Living Vine, Christ chose it for himself;

God gave to man for use and sustenance
Corn, wine, and oil, and each of these
is good;

And Christ is Bread of Life, and Light
of Life;

But yet he did not choose the summer
corn

That shoots up straight and free in one
quick growth,

And has its day, is done, and springs
no more;

Nor yet the olive, all whose boughs are
spread

In the soft air, and never lose a leaf,

Flowering and fruitful in perpetual
peace:

But only this for him and his in one,—

The everlasting, ever-quickening Vine,

That gives the heat and passion of the
world,

Through its own life-blood, still re-
newed and shed.

—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

JUNE 18.

THOUGH he were a Son, yet learned
he obedience by the things which he
suffered.—*Heb. v, 8.*

CONTENT to suffer and be still,
Without complaining bear the cross,
Endure the pain, accept the loss
Of all earth's treasures, if God will.

Content to learn by suffering long,
In darkness still to keep the faith:
Still trusting what the Savior saith,
That perfect weakness may be strong.

So every bitter cup of woe
Shall yield a blessing at the last,
And when the bitterness is past,
With loving sweetness overflow
—*H. N. G.*

JUNE 19.

WHOM the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.—*Prov. iii, 12.*

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

—*Ben Jonson.*

IF anything, so to speak, is providential, affliction is. If in anything whatever we are bound to trust God with all the completeness of our judgment, with all the strength of our understanding, with all the adoration of our heart, it is when he is taking us apart to make us perfect through suffering.

—*Thorold.*

JUNE 20.

Now no chastening for the present
seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the
peaceable fruit of righteousness unto
them which are exercised thereby.

—*Heb. xii, 11.*

Now THE pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

—*F. R. Havergal.*

JUNE 21.

For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

2 Cor. iv, 11.

BUT if on God we cast our care
In childlike and believing prayer.
The care becomes a friendly breeze
To rouse us from our dreams of ease,
And put fresh life into the sound
Of "Homeward bound; we're homeward
bound!" —*Anon.*

How well can I show those who know
me how the Father can help his child?
—*M. D. Babcock.*

JUNE 22.

THE God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.

—1 Peter v, 10.

AND whither came these goodly stones

'T was Israel's pride to raise:

The glory of the former house,

The joy of ancient days?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns

Each noble slab was brought,

In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn

And on its mountains wrought.

There rung the hammer's heavy stroke

Among the echoing rocks,

There chased the chisel's keen sharp
edge

The rude, unshapen blocks.

And thus in majesty sublime

And noiseless pomp it rose—

Fit dwelling for the God of peace!

A temple of repose.

Brethren in Christ, to holier things

The simple type apply;

Our God himself a temple builds,

Eternal and on high,

Of ransomed souls; their Zion there,

That world of light and bliss;

Their Lebanon, the place of toil,

Of previous molding—*this!*

—Anon.

JUNE 23.

IN all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses.—*2 Cor. vi, 4.*

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or
late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge
one day. —*Browning.*

LIFE would be intolerable could we not trace in it the plan of a Divine Providence watching over us, and guiding us; sorrow would be overwhelming had we to look on it as a chance arrow shot against us at a venture, and not aimed by the hand of one whom we can trust and love. When God sends chastisement, he knows to whom he sends it, and why he sends it, and what he sends.—*Thorold.*

JUNE 24.

FOR it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.—*Heb. ii, 10.*

CHRIST'S heart was wrung for me, if
mine is sore;
And if my feet are weary, his have
bled;
He had no place wherein to lay his
head;
If I am burdened, he was burdened
more;
The cup I drink, he drank of long be-
fore.
He felt the unuttered anguish which I
dread;
He hungered, who the world's refresh-
ment bore.
If grief be such a looking-glass as shows
Christ's face and man's in some sort
made alike,
Then grief is pleasure with a subtle
taste:
Wherefore should any fret or faint or
haste?
Grief is not grievous to a soul that
knows
Christ comes,—and listens for that
hour to strike.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

JUNE 25.

WHO shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—*Rom. viii, 35.*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

—*Charles Wesley.*

HE that loveth must willingly embrace all that is hard and bitter for the sake of his Beloved, and never suffer himself to be turned away from him by any contrary occurrences whatsoever.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

JUNE 26.

THAT I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.

—*Phil. iii, 10.*

O, let me know
The power of Thy resurrection!
O, let me show
Thy risen life in clear reflection!

—*F. R. Havergal.*

I AM so glad that Jesus Christ offers to us the deepest thing in his heart; not only to share his glory and his joy forever; not only to sit down with him upon his throne and share all that eternity will mean when he shall reign and we shall live and reign with him forever. He does offer us that,—the fellowship of his joy, the share in his glory,—and we accept that, and rejoice in it; but there is something deeper in the heart of Christ than that. He offers us the fellowship of his sufferings.

—*Géralaine Guinness Taylor.*

JUNE 27.

IT is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with him we shall also live with him: if we suffer, we shall also reign with him.—*2 Tim. ii, 11, 12.*

LOOK up, ye saints of God!

Nor fear to tread below

The path your Savior trod

Of daily toil and woe;

Wait but a little while

In uncomplaining love,

His own most gracious smile

Shall welcome you above.

—*H. W. Baker.*

Is NOT that what we want? The life of earth now, the life of heaven by and by, each clear with its own glory! The glory of the star, the glory of the sun! God grant us all the contentment and the hope which come to those who live in him who covers all yesterday, to-day, and forever with himself!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

JUNE 28.

AND if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

—*Rom. viii, 17.*

THE path is rough, my child! But O
how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims
meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of
that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy
hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! yet there was
One
Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,
My well-beloved. For him bear thine,
and stand
With him at last; and from thy Fa-
ther's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child! —*H. N. C.*

JUNE 29.

FOR which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

—2 Cor. iv, 16, 17.

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

—F. R. Havergal.

THERE is a service of God which is not work for reward; it is a heart-loyalty, a hunger after God's presence, which survives loss and chastisement; which in spite of contradictory seeming cleaves to what is Godlike as the needle seeks the pole; and which reaches up out of the darkness and hardness of this life to the light and love beyond.

—Genung.

JUNE 30.

THESE are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.—*Rev. vii, 14, 15.*

Now THEY reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite.
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see,
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

JULY 1.

GRACE be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father.—*1 Thess. i, 1-3.*

TO MEET

Wrong with endurance, and to overcome

The present with a heart that looks beyond

Are triumphs.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

WHEN He takes your work away and bids you no longer to do good and obedient things, but only to be good and obedient, surely that is not the death of faith. That may be faith's transfiguration. You can be idle for him, if so he wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for him.—*Phillips Brooks.*

JULY 2.

LET us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

—*Heb. xii, 1, 2.*

SAVIOR, I do not ask to keep thy hand
The whole long day;
Only when lonely, and when dangers
stand

Fearful, athwart my way,
Let me reach out my hand and touch
thee, Lord;
Knowing thee near, my courage is re-
stored.

I do not ask the reason why thy love
Sends pain and grief,
Thy staff and rod alike thy kindness
prove,
Only for my relief,
Speak thou one word to show me thou
dost hear
My cry of pain, and for my grief dost
care.

—*A. K. B.*

JULY 3.

MY soul, wait thou only upon God,
for my expectation is from him.

—*Psa. lxii, 5.*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to
hide
Lodged with me useless,—though my
soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and pres-
ent
My true account, lest He, returning
chide,—
“Doth God exact day-labor, light de-
nied?”
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth
not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts:
who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
best: his state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding
speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without
rest:
They also serve who only stand and
wait.”

—*Milton.*

JULY 4.

HAPPY is that people whose God is the Lord.—*Psa. cxliv, 15.*

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,—
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall
glow! —*Sidney Lanier.*

JULY 5.

BE patient toward all men.

—1 *Thess. v, 14.*

PATIENT endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth,
In nothing is wanting,
Alone God sufficeth.

—*Longfellow.*

TO BEAR evil and wrong; to forgive; to suffer no resentment under injury; to be gentle when nature burns with a fierce heat, and pride clamors for redress; to restrain envy; to bear defeat with a firm and peaceful mind; not to be vexed or fretted by cares, losses, or petty injuries; to abide in contentment and serenity of spirit when trouble and disappointment come,—these are conquests, alas! how difficult to most of us! Accordingly, it will be seen that a true Christian man is distinguished from other men, not so much by his beneficent works as by his patience. In this he most excels and rises highest above the mere natural virtues of the world.

—*Bushnell.*

JULY 6.

HAVING heard the word, keep it, and
bring forth fruit with patience.

—*Luke viii, 15.*

THROUGH long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance
Bright and free from stain!

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

JULY 7.

THE fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

—*Gal. v, 22, 23.*

GOD, when he takes my goods and chattels hence,

Gives me a portion, giving patience;
What is in God is God; if so it be,
He patience gives, he gives himself to me.

—*Herrick.*

INACTION need not be uselessness.

The land that lies fallow under the winter frost is mellowing for the spring sowing. We can not be useless while we are doing and suffering God's will, whatever it may be found to be. If we are bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit we are not useless. If we are increasing in the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, we are not useless. While we pray we can not be useless. And we can always do that.—*Thorold.*

JULY 8.

NOW THE God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus.—*Rom. xv, 5.*

SELF is the only prison that can ever
bind the soul,
Love is the only angel that can bid the
gates unroll;
Whene'er he comes to call thee, arise
and follow fast;
His way may lead through darkness,
but it leads to light at last.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

“OUR opportunities, just where and as we are, may be the means of fitting us for highest good to those about us, and for fullest appreciation and improvement of our place in God’s service. God would have us do faithfully and bear lovingly what he appoints for us in the place where we are. He asks nothing more or better; why should we?”

JULY 9.

IT is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.—*Lam. iii, 26.*

We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But O how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best!

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No weary toils and pains,
No watchings and no bitterness,
That bring their blessed gains?

That bring their blessed gains full well
In truer faith and love,
And patience sweet, and gentleness,
From our dear home above?

Teach Thou our work and wandering
hearts
Aright to read Thy way,—
That Thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.

—*J. P. Hopps.*

JULY 10.

CHARITY beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—*1 Cor. xiii, 7.*

LOVE trusts love till love shall justify everything.—*Christina Rossetti.*

AS THE sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with the dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our lovingkindness make bright the house of our habitation.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

JULY 11.

THE servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.—*2 Tim. ii, 24.*

“O DREARY life,” we cry, “O dreary life!”

And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the
flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are keeping
strife

With heaven’s true purpose in us, as a
knife

Against which we may struggle! Ocean
girds,

Unslackened, the dry land; savannah-
swards

Unweary sweep; hills watch unworn;
and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly from the for-
est-trees,

To show above the unwasted stars that
pass

In their old glory. O thou God of old,
Grant me some smaller grace than
comes to these!

But so much patience as a blade of
grass

Grows by, contented through the heat
and cold.

—*E. B. Browning.*

JULY 12.

THE trying of your faith worketh patience.—*James i, 3.*

THE cross our Master bore for us, for
him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
and courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our
sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send
thy patience, too!
—*Reginald Heber.*

WE can act out of the human, but to suffer well requires a participation of what is Divine. Hence the impression of greatness and sublimity which all men feel in the contemplation of that energy which is itself energized by a self-sacrificing and suffering patience.
—*Bushnell.*

JULY 13.

I THEREFORE, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love.—*Eph. iv, 1, 2.*

AND when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse
fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips
part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience," she sweetly saith;
"Thy Father's mercies never come too
late;
Gird thee with patient strength, and
trusting faith,
And firm endurance. Wait!"

Angel! behold, I wait,
Wearing the thorny crown through all
life's hours,—
Wait till thy hand shall ope th' eternal
gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.
—*Whittier.*

JULY 14.

THE kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.—*Rev. i, 9.*

GOD takes a text and preacheth patience.—*Herbert.*

AND so it establishes a kingdom which is itself the reign of the patience of Jesus. The whole plan centers in this one principle, that the suffering side of character has a power of its own, superior in some respects to the most active endeavors. And in this it proves its originality by standing quite alone.—*Bushnell.*

JULY 15.

AFTER he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.—*Heb. vi, 15.*

O MAY thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
old,
And win with them the victor's crown
of gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
Thine.

Alleluia!

—*Wm. H. How.*

WE look back upon the long ages of woe, the martyr ages of the Church, and we behold a vast array of active genius and power that could not be permitted to spend itself in works of benefaction to the race, but was consecrated to God to the more sacred and more fruitful grace of suffering.—*Bushnell.*

JULY 16.

FOLLOW after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

1 Tim. vi, 11.

Is IT not God's own very finger-tips
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness?
The light and careful touches which to
thee
Seem heavy, because measured to thy
strength,
With none to spare; and yet he does
not fail
For thy impatience, but stands by thee
still,
Patient, unfaltering, till thou too shalt
grow
Patient, and wouldst not miss the
sharpness grown
To custom, which assures him at thy
side,
Hand to thy hand, and not far off in
heaven. —*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

WHENCE shall thy patience be
crowned, if thou meet with no adversity?—*Thomas à Kempis.*

JULY 17.

WE . . . do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; . . . strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness.—*Col. i, 9, 11.*

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;

Be still.

What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,

My heart?

One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest.

Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee
The best.

—*Paul Fleming.*

JULY 18.

BE not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience, inherit the promises.—*Heb. vi, 12.*

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

—*Reginald Heber.*

WHO that feels the power of those martyr ages descending on him can ever think, even for a moment, that the passive virtues of the Christian life are sterile virtues, and that action is the only fruitful thing?—*Bushnell.*

JULY 19.

BE patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.—*James v, 7.*

AS CHILDREN might, impatient of the school,

Despise the letters, longing for the songs

And stories that they catch the echoes of,—

The songs are written, but first learn to spell!

The books will keep, but if we will not learn

We shall not read them when the right time comes,

Or read them wrongly and confusedly.

And each hour has its lesson, and each life;

And if we miss one life, we shall not find

Its lesson in another; rather go

So much the less complete for evermore,

Still missing something that we can not name.

—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

JULY 20.

PUT on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering.—*Col. iii, 12.*

SO OTHERS shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and
hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy
brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee
to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup
may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another
near.

—*E. B. Browning.*

PURGE out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenses. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gayety and the quiet mind.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

JULY 21.

WE glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.—*Rom. v, 3, 4.*

THESE weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery;
These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,—
Can I but turn to Thee;
With secret labor to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.
—*Anne Brontë.*

Do NOT despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the Infinite.—*Amiel.*

JULY 22.

AND beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.—*2 Peter i, 5-7.*

“How POOR are they that have not patience!”

GOD never leaves us wholly in the dark. When the great light of heaven fails, God has given men wisdom to prepare some lesser light that shall carry them through until the great light comes again. Patience is one of the humbler lights, but the beauty of it is that it shines brightest in the times of our greatest darkness. It is good to go forward cheerfully, glowingly, in hope; but let us not be ashamed if the best we can do is to go forward bravely and quietly in faith, carrying the candle of patience.—*Sunday-school Times.*

JULY 23.

BECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

—*Rev. iii, 10, 11.*

DEAR Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reached, because 't is sure
If I hold fast and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
And to my greatest haters, kind.
Give me, my God, a heart as mild
And plain as when I was a child.
That when thy throne is set, and all
These conquerors before it fall,
I may be found preserved by thee
Amongst that chosen company?
Who by no blood, here, overcame,
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

JULY 24.

WE are saved by hope ; but hope that is seen is not hope ; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for ? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

—*Rom. viii, 24, 25.*

THROUGH the night of dark and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land ;
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

—*Bernhardt Ingemann.*

ALL which happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear. How much more are we helped on by hope in the way to eternal life !—*Martin Luther.*

JULY 25.

IN your patience possess ye your souls.—*Luke xxi, 19.*

Is it indeed a loss, or is it gain?
His life is pain, and he has naught besides;

Most miserable must he be indeed,
If this be wholly evil, as it seems.
But if this be the hardest ill of all
For mortal flesh and heart to bear in
peace,

It is the one comes straightest from
God's hand,
And makes us feel him nearest to ourselves.

God gives us light and love, and all
good things

Richly for joy, and power, to use
aright;

But then we may forget him in his
gifts;

We can not well forget the hand that
holds,

And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under
it.

—*Ugo Bassi's Sermon.*

CHRISTIANITY is here alone, holding
it forth as being, when required, the divinest, sublimest, and most powerful of
virtues, to suffer well.—*Bushnell.*

JULY 26.

THE Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.—*2 Thess. iii, 5.*

“NOT as I will;” the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.

“Not as I will;” the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.

“Not as I will,” because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill?

“Not as we will.”

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

JULY 27.

PATIENT in tribulation.

—*Rom. xii, 12.*

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away:
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God in all my griefs to stay,
Nor from his loved correction start.

In life's long sickness evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro;
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But can not rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let him strike home, and bless the
rod,
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God?

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for thee,
And thank thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

—*John Keble.*

JULY 28.

BE ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.—*James v, 8.*

THOU art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that can not fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil;
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

BE of good cheer, every one that is afflicted, for the Lord is preparing for you the city of God.—*Manning.*

JULY 29.

YE have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.—*Heb. x, 36.*

I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high;
But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart
When first this anguish fell.

If thou shouldst bring me back to life
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the
strife,
More apt to lean on thee.
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
O let me serve thee now!

—*Anne Brontë.*

JULY 30.

TO THEM who by patient continuance
in well-doing seek for glory and honor
and immortality, eternal life.

—*Rom. ii, 7.*

HERE daily crosses come to try our
weakness,

Here every member must some bur-
den bear ;

But O my Savior, if I take with meek-
ness

The cross appointed by thy love and
care,

Too great, too long it will not be,

For it is weighed and measured out by
thee.

—*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

ONE little inch of time-suffering is
not worthy of our first night's welcome
home to heaven.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

JULY 31.

MY God hath sent his angel.

—*Dan. vi, 22.*

TO WEARY hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's
ear;

But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!—

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things
well."

—*Translated from the German by
Whittier.*

AUGUST 1.

BLESSED be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.—*Psa. lxxviii, 19.*

THY rod fell on me, stern at first, then
soft
As parents' kisses, till the wound was
healed;
And I went forth a laborer in Thy
field;—
They best can bind who have been
bruised oft.

I thank Thee for all joy and for all
pain;
For healed pangs, for years of calm content;
For blessedness of spending and being
spent
In Thy high service where all loss is
gain.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

GOD hath bound thy trouble upon thee by His special providence, and with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and to crown thee.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AUGUST 2.

LET the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

—*Col. iii, 16.*

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His lovingkindness, O how free !

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His lovingkindness, O how good !

—*Samuel Medley.*

AUGUST 3.

GODLINESS with contentment is great gain.—*1 Tim. vi, 6.*

CONTENT to come, content to go,
Content to wrestle or to race,
Content to know or not to know,
Each in his place.

Lord, grant us grace to love thee so
That, glad of heart and glad of face,
At last we may sit, high or low,
Each in his place.

Where pleasures flow as rivers flow,
And loss has left no barren trace,
And all that are, are perfect so,
Each in his place.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

AUGUST 4.

MY meditation of him shall be sweet :
I will be glad in the Lord.—*Psa. civ, 34.*

WHEN linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

—*Richard Lovelace.*

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth.—*F. W. Faber.*

AUGUST 5.

LET your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.
—*Heb. xiii, 5.*

To ME no pain or fear or crushing sorrow
Hast thou the power without His will
to bring;
And so I fear thee not, O untried morrow!
For well I know my Father is thy King.

If joy thou bringest, straight to God the Giver,
My gratitude shall rise, for 't is his gift;
If sorrow, still, mid waves of Grief's deep river,
My trembling heart I'll to my Father lift.

If life's full cup shall be my happy portion,
With thankful joy I'll drink the precious draught;
If death, my waiting soul across life's ocean
But little sooner to my home 't will waft.
—*J. B. Cady.*

AUGUST 6.

THE Lord hath done great things for
us; whereof we are glad.—*Psa. cxxvi, 3.*

IN each event of life how clear

Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul more dear

Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,

In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise

Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,

My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,

The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no fear;

That heart will rest on Thee.

—*Helen M. Williams.*

AUGUST 7.

GIVING thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—*Col. i, 12.*

THE prayers I make will then be sweet
indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray ;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed ;
Of good and pious works thou art the
seed,
That quickens only when thou say'st it
may ;
Unless thou show to us thine own true
way,
No man can find it ; Father ! thou must
lead.
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts
into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be
bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do thou un-
bind,
That I may have the power to sing of
thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

—*Michael Angelo.*

AUGUST 8.

I HAVE learned, in whatsoever state
I am, therewith to be content.

—*Phil. iv, 11.*

WERE there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but
only love,
That only love were cause enough for
praise. —*Tennyson.*

THANKFULNESS is one of the most attractive qualities of the Christian character. He who in poverty or sickness or solitude can preserve a merry heart and a cheerful countenance is a benefactor to society, a testimony to his God, and the best of all possible friends to himself.—*Bishop Thorold.*

AUGUST 9.

REJOICE in the Lord, ye righteous,
and give thanks at the remembrance of
his holiness.—*Psa. xcvi, 12.*

OTHERS shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made?
Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

AUGUST 10.

BE thankful unto him and bless his name. For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.—*Psa. c, 4, 5.*

ETERNAL are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

—*Isaac Watts.*

WE ought to review what we have perhaps considered our crosses or afflictions to discover the real blessing of them, and that purpose of good which we may be sure was in all of them.

—*Robert E. Speer.*

AUGUST 11.

PRAISE the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you.—*Joel ii, 26.*

I THANK Thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
 That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things!
 —*Adelaide A. Procter.*

AUGUST 12.

IN everything give thanks: for this
is the will of God in Christ Jesus con-
cerning you.—*1 Thess. v, 18.*

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring:
All creatures have their joy and man
hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in
their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double
praise! —*George Herbert.*

AUGUST 13.

HE thanked God and took courage.
—*Acts xxviii, 15.*

WHAT matter how the winds may blow
Since fair or foul alike are best;
God holds them in his hand, I know,
And I may leave to him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.
—*Anon.*

AUGUST 14.

By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually ; that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.—*Heb. xiii, 15.*

THE tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart ;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

ALL the other bonds that had fastened down the spirit of the universe to our narrow round of earth were as nothing in comparison to the golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice which at once riveted the heart of man to One who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature ; and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.

—*Arthur H. Hallam.*

AUGUST 15.

FOR all things are for your sakes,
that the abundant grace might through
the thanksgiving of many redound to
the glory of God.—*2 Cor. iv, 15.*

THANKS for the sickness and the grief
Which none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea;
And for the weariness of heart
Which only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessed
Word,
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest;
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin;
Till when the thanks of Earth shall end,
The thanks of Heaven begin.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

AUGUST 16.

AS YE have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding in the same with thanksgiving.—*Col. ii, 6, 7.*

SAINTS below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

—*James Montgomery.*

THE unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day,—as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

AUGUST 17.

BLESSED be the God and Father of
our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed
us with all spiritual blessings in heav-
enly places in Christ.—*Eph. i, 3.*

I THANK thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast!

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

AUGUST 18.

CONTINUE in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—*Col. iv, 2.*

GIVE me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee,

—*Anne Steele.*

ONE of two things we may without doubt hope, that He will either give us what we ask, or what he knoweth to be more useful to us. For we know not what to ask for as we ought, but he hath pity on our ignorance.—*St. Bernard.*

AUGUST 19.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.—*Psa. ciii, 2, 3.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!

My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

—*Joseph Addison.*

SEEK to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—*Alexander Mac-laren.*

AUGUST 20.

Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.
—2 Cor. ii, 14.

LORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all thine, thy care and choice;
My very praise is thine.

Yet Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

—J. H. Newman.

AUGUST 21.

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.—*Prov. xvii, 22.*

“A MERRY heart is a continual feast.”
Then take we life and all things in
good part;
To fast grows festive while we keep at
least

A merry heart.

Well pleased with nature and well
pleased with art;
A merry heart makes cheer for man
and beast,
And fancies music in a creaking cart.

Some day, a restful heart whose toils
have ceased,
A heavenly heart gone home from
earthly mart;
To-day, blow wind from west or wind
from east,

A merry heart!

—*Christina Rossetti.*

ALL of life should be full of the un-
suppressed mirth and joy of gratitude.
—*Robert Speer.*

AUGUST 22.

✓ To APPOINT unto them that mourn
in Zion, to give unto them beauty for
ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the
garment of praise for the spirit of
heaviness; that they might be called
✓ trees of righteousness, the planting of
the Lord, that he might be glorified.
—*Isa. lxi, 3.*

YE saints who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
✓ When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.
—*Laurentius Laurenti.*

AUGUST 23.

LET the saints be joyful in glory:
let them sing aloud upon their beds.—
Psa. cxlix, 5.

O, WHAT is life?
A toil, a strife,
Were it not lighted by thy love divine.
I ask not wealth,
I crave not health:
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

O, what is death,
When the poor breath
In parting can the soul to thee resign!
While patient love
Her trust doth prove,
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Throughout my days,
Be constant praise
Uplift to thee from out this heart of
mine;
So shall I be
Brought nearer thee;
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
—*Fénelon.*

AUGUST 24.

GIVING thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Eph. v, 20.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

—*Cennick.*

AUGUST 25.

THANKS be to God, which giveth us
the victory through our Lord Jesus
Christ.—*1 Cor. xv, 57.*

BLESSING, honor, thanks, and praise
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son:
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Has for us the victory won.

Absent from our living Lord,
We shall not continue long;
Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to thee,
Who in thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory.

—*Charles Wesley,*

AUGUST 26.

LET the people praise thee, O God,
let all the people praise thee.

—*Psa. lxxii, 3.*

THOU who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
O, now to all mankind,
Let there be light!

—*John Marriott.*

AUGUST 27.

FOR the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.—*Isa. li, 3.*

JERUSALEM the golden!

Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
Of the same secret knows.
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

—*Gerald Massey.*

I WONDER many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

AUGUST 28.

AND I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. . . . And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Rev. xix, 6, 9.*

THE bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridgroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercèd hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
In Immanuel's land.
—*Anne Cousin.*

AUGUST 29.

AND all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.—*Rev. vii, 11, 12.*

DEEP waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these all lie behind me,—
O for a well-tuned harp!
O to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth,—
In Immanuel's land!

—*Anne Cousin.*

AUGUST 30.

BEING filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.—*Phil. i, 11.*

FATHER of heaven! if by thy mercy's
grace
A living branch I am of that true Vine
Which spreads o'er all—and would we
did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—
In me, much drooping, Lord, thine eye
will trace
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves
of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull
pace.
So cleanse me that, abiding e'er with
thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the
root.
Thou said'st, and thou art truth,
thou 'd'st with me be;
Then willing come, that I may bear
much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it
grew. —*Vittoria Colonna.*

AUGUST 31.

MANY, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward; they can not be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.—*Psa. xl, 5.*

WE beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Book of Common Prayer.*

SEPTEMBER 1.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—*Psa. xlvii, 1-3.*

MY bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

Safe to the land, safe to the land,—
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

SEPTEMBER 2.

WHO through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong.—*Heb. xi, 33, 34.*

A NOBLE army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of
heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

—*Reginald Heber.*

SEPTEMBER 3.

MY grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—
2 Cor. xii, 9.

As THY love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it,
of being beloved!
He who did most shall bear most; the
strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I
cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.
O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee;
a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life
to thee! See the Christ stand!
—*Robert Browning.*

SEPTEMBER 4.

THE Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped.—*Psa. xxviii, 7.*

FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

—*Wm. J. Irons.*

SEPTEMBER 5.

FOR thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.—*Isa. xxv, 4.*

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,—
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter;
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,—
God give me love, and care, and
strength,
To help my toiling brother!

—*Anon.*

SEPTEMBER 6.

FEAR thou not, for I am with thee;
be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I
will strengthen thee; yea, I will help
thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the
right hand of my righteousness.—*Isa.*
xli, 10.

God is enough! Thou who in hope and
fear

Toilest through desert-sands of life,
sore tried,

Climb trustful over Death's black
ridge, for near

The bright wells shine: thou wilt be
satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient
one,

Who puttest faith in him, and none
beside,

Bear yet thy load; under the setting
sun

The glad tents gleam; thou wilt be
satisfied. —*Edwin Arnold.*

LET us lie down without fear, and
arise with exultation.—*R. L. Steven-*
son.

SEPTEMBER 7.

THE Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.—*Psa. xxix, 11.*

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and
 stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

SEPTEMBER 8.

THE people that do know their God
shall be strong.—*Dan. xi, 32.*

“As THY days thy strength shall be!”
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in him thou shalt be strong.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

SEPTEMBER 9.

MY flesh and my heart faileth: but
God is the strength of my heart and my
portion forever.—*Psa. lxxiii, 26.*

LORD, strengthen us, lest fainting by
the way

We come not to thee, we who come from
far;

Lord, bring us to that morrow

Which makes an end of sorrow,

Where all saints are

On holyday.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

SEPTEMBER 10.

STRENGTHEN thou me according unto thy word.—*Psa. cxix, 28.*

LORD! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me
man,

And bid me look to heaven, for thou
art there,

Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury

I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:

My nothingness, my wants,
My sins and my contrition.

—*Robert Southey.*

YOU want to be strong. O be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might,—strong as he was by reverence and self-surrender and obedience. The opportunity for that strength is open to every man who bears a soul within him, and over whom is God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

SEPTEMBER 11.

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.—*Psa. xviii, 1.*

I GRASP Thy strength, make it mine
own;
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then come down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee,—
In this alone rejoice with awe;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
Let thy Almighty Arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not torn when clouds o'ercast;
Since thou within thy sure control
Of Love dost hold me fast.

—*John Campbell Shairp.*

SEPTEMBER 12.

BUT they that wait upon the Lord
shall renew their strength; they shall
mount up with wings as eagles; they
shall run, and not be weary; and they
shall walk, and not faint.—*Isa. xl, 31.*

WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

SEPTEMBER 13.

THE Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.—*Psa. xli, 3.*

LORD, it was well with me in time gone
gone by

That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who
but I?

I fresh, I cheerful; worn with pain,
Now out of sight and out of heart;

O Lord how long?

*"I watch thee as thou art,
I will accept thy fainting heart;*

Be strong."

"Lie still, be strong;" to-day; but,
Lord, to-morrow

What of to-morrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce
from sorrow,

Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,

Be joy for sorrow?

"Did I not die for thee?

*Do I not live for thee? leave me to-
morrow."*

—*Christina Rossetti.*

SEPTEMBER 14.

IN the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.—*Psa. cxxxviii, 3.*

IT fortifies my soul to know,
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

THE heart's natural strength of spirit and resolution may bear up under outward weakness or the failing of the flesh; but when the heart itself fails, which is the strength of the flesh, what shall strengthen it? Nothing but God, who is the strength of the heart and its portion forever.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 15.

THE joy of the Lord is your strength.
—*Neh. viii, 10.*

AND next I asked for strength, that I
might tread the road,
With firm unflinching pace, to heaven's
serene abode;
That I might never know a faltering,
failing heart,
But manfully go on and reach the high-
est part.
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And weakness checked me every-
where.

And now I pray for love, deep love to
God and man;
A love that will not fail, however dark
his plan;
That sees all life in him, rejoicing in
his power,
And faithful, though the darkest clouds
of gloom and doubt may lower.
And God is kinder than my prayer;
Love fills and blesses everywhere.

—*Ednah Cheney.*

SEPTEMBER 16.

BE strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—*Josh. i, 9.*

Up, my drowsing eyes!
Up, my sinking heart!
Up! to Jesus Christ arise!
Claim your part
In all rapture of the skies.

Yet a little while,
Yet a little way,
Saints shall reap and rest and
smile
All the day:
Up! let's trudge another mile.
—*C. Rossetti.*

STRENGTH to endure what we are called to may be a greater blessing, giving to us richer results of physical and spiritual gain, than the mere negative advantage of freedom from pain.—*Sunday-school Times.*

THOU hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.—*Isa. xxv, 4.*

SEPTEMBER 17.

THEIR strength is to sit still.—*Isa.*
xxx, 7.

SIT still, my child. 'T is no great thing

I ask,

No glorious deed, no mighty task;

But just to sit and patiently abide,

Wait in my presence, in my word con-
fide.

But O! dear Lord, I long the sword to
wield,

Forward to go, and in the battlefield

To fight for thee, thine enemies o'er-
throw,

And in thy strength to vanquish every
foe.

My child, it is a sweet and blessed
thing

To rest beneath the shadow of my
wing;

To feel thy doings and thy words are
naught,

To trust to me each restless, longing
thought.

Dear Lord, help me this lesson sweet to
learn,

To sit at thy pierced feet and only
yearn

To love thee better, Lord, and feel that
still

Waiting is working if it be thy will.

—*Anon.*

SEPTEMBER 18.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—*Psa. xxvii, 1.*

WHAT Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
—*John Newton.*

SEPTEMBER 19.

THE Lord is my strength and song,
and he is become my salvation.—*Ex.*
xv, 2.

BE strong to hope, O Heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look toward the light!

Be strong to bear, O Heart!
Nothing is vain:
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to love, O Heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou would'st be strong.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

SEPTEMBER 20.

WAIT on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.—*Psa. xxvii, 14.*

ALL is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good. Let this suffice us
still,
Resting in childlike trust upon his will
Who moves to his great ends un-
thwarted by the ill.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THAT it may please Thee to
strengthen such as do stand; and to
comfort and help the weak-hearted;
and to raise up those who fall; and
finally to beat down Satan under our
feet; we beseech Thee to hear us, good
Lord.—*Book of Common Prayer.*

SEPTEMBER 21.

THE way of the Lord is strength to the upright.—*Prov. x, 29.*

I ONLY would be spent—in pain
And loss, perchance—but not in vain.

"I am content to be so weak;
Put strength into the words I speak;
And I am strong in what I seek!

I am content to touch the brink
Of pain's dark goblet, and I think
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

"Because my portion was assigned
Wholesome and bitter, Thou art kind,
And I am blessèd, to my mind.

"I know," is all the mourner saith;
Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And pain is perfected by Death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SEPTEMBER 22.

TRUST ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—*Isa. xxvi, 4.*

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence
 kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy
 kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep
 revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness
 from above.
—*Samuel Johnson.*

GOD never makes us sensible of our weakness except to give us of his strength.—*Fénelon.*

SEPTEMBER 23.

I CAN do all things through Christ
which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. iv, 13.*

I COULD not do without Thee,
I can not stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But thou, belovèd Savior,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on thee.

I could not do without thee,
For O, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

SEPTEMBER 24.

IN God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God. Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.—*Psa. lxi. 7, 8.*

WHY therefore should we do ourselves
this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always
strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heart-
less be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is
prayer,
And joy and strength and courage
are with thee. —*Trench.*

THOUGH a member of this world,
thou hast but to kneel in prayer, and
thou art at once in the society of saints
and angels.—*Newman.*

SEPTEMBER 25.

BE strong in the grace that is in
Christ Jesus.—*2 Tim. ii, 1.*

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost thy grace distill,
My lot is fall'n, blest be thy will.

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me, which choke or spill
That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill.

Blest be thy dew and blest thy frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cured by crosses at thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
The frost ill weeds nip and molest,
In both thou work'st unto the best.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

SEPTEMBER 26.

BLESSED is the man whose strength
is in thee.—*Psa. lxxxiv, 5.*

I SAID, This task is keen;
But even while I spake, thou, Love Di-
vine,
Didst stand behind and gently over-
lean
My drooping form, and O, what task
had been
Too stern for feebleness with help of
thine?
Spell thou this lesson with me line by
line,
The sense is rigid, but the voice is dear;
Guide thou my hand within that hand
of thine,
Thy wounded hand, until its trem-
blings take
Strength from thy touch, and even for
thy sake
Trace out each character in outline
clear. —*Dora Greenwell.*

SEPTEMBER 27.

I WILL go in the strength of the
Lord God.—*Psa. lxxi, 16.*

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I can not
stand

One moment without thee!

But O, the tenderness of thine enfold-
ing!

And O, the faithfulness of thine up-
holding,

And O, the strength of thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me!

It is so sweet to trust thy word alone;

I do not ask to see

The unveiling of thy purpose, or the
shining

Of future light or mysteries untwining;

Thy promise-roll is all my own,—

Thy word is enough for me.

F. R. Havergal.

SEPTEMBER 28.

HE giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.—*Isa. xl, 29.*

THOU cam'st not to this place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope
for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life,
more free
From outward hindrance or impediment;
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were
a task
So slight that virtue never could grow
strong. —*Trench.*

SEPTEMBER 29.

THE Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished that it can not be moved.—*Psa. xciii, 1.*

YET, O Lord, through all a sense
Of thy tender providence
Stays my failing heart on thee,
And confirms the feeble knee;
And at times my worn feet press
Spaces of cool quietness,
Lilied whiteness shone upon
Not by light of moon or sun.
Hours there be of inmost calm,
Broken but by grateful psalm.

Well I know that all things move
To the spherical rhythm of love;
That to thee, O Lord of all!
Nothing can of chance befall:
Child and seraph, mote and star.
Well thou knowest what we are.

—*Whittier.*

SEPTEMBER 30.

AS THY days, so shall thy strength
be.—*Deut. xxxiii, 25.*

GIVE me, thou glorious Lamb of God,
Daily to walk where thou hast trod;
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in thy lowly steps I go.
Give me to ponder more and more
Thy words and thy example's lore,
That walking here, my God, with thee,
Still as my days my strength may be.
—*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

WE who hang upon the cross cry, "It
is finished!" with a shout of triumph,
counting the finishing but a new begin-
ning, and looking out beyond the cross
to richer growth in character, and
braver and more fruitful service of our
Lord.—*Phillips Brooks.*

OCTOBER 1.

GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—

Luke ii, 14.

O YE, beneath life's crushing load

Whose forms are bending low,

Who toil along the climbing way,

With painful steps and slow,

Look up! for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;

O, rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing!

—*Edwin H. Sears.*

OCTOBER 2.

AND the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord, Jesus Christ.—*1 Thess. v, 23.*

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose,
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it can not see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

—*Anon.*

OCTOBER 3.

THESE things have I spoken unto
you, that in me ye might have peace.
—*John xvi, 33.*

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan

Hath taught each scene the notes of
woe ;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy
groan,

And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

—*Shirley.*

OCTOBER 4.

HE is our peace.—*Eph. ii, 14.*

PEACE, peace!

Yea, peace to him that is near.

The crown is set on the Victor's brow,

For thy warfare is accomplished now;

And for thee eternal peace is made

By the Lord on whom thy sins were
laid:

Then why should'st thou fear?

Peace, peace!

Look for its bright increase;

Deepening, widening, year by year,

Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and
clear;

Lean on his love through this earthly
vale,

For his word and his work shall never
fail,

And "he is our Peace."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

OCTOBER 5.

AND let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.—*Col. iii, 15.*

It is thine own, O Lord,
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow, with loving care
What other hands shall reap;
They lean on thee, entranced,
In calm and perfect rest:
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts that love
thee best.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

OCTOBER 6.

AND as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.—*Luke xxiv, 36.*

FAITHFUL and just art thou
 Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
 When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
 Nothing between.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

OCTOBER 7

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace
whose mind is stayed on thee: because
he trusteth in thee.—*Isa. xxvi, 3.*

WE ask for peace, O Lord!

Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,

That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours,

Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade

In smiling day;

It is not for such peace that we would
pray.

WE ask thy peace, O Lord!

Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,

Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain

Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls

Our wasted might:

Yet pressing through the darkness to
the light. —*Adelaide A. Procter.*

OCTOBER 8.

LIVE peaceably with all men.—*Rom. xii, 18.*

HELP us, O Lord, with patient love to
bear

Each other's faults, to suffer with
true meekness ;

Help us each other's joys and griefs to
share,

But let us turn to thee alone in
weakness. —*S. V. Powys.*

OCTOBER 9.

To BE carnally minded is death; but
to be spiritually minded is life and
peace.—*Rom. viii, 6.*

LOOKING back along life's trodden way
Gleams and greenness linger on the
track:

Distance melts and mellows all to-day,
Looking back.

Rose and purple and a silvery gray,
Is that cloud the cloud we called so
black?

Evening harmonizes all to-day,
Looking back.

Foolish feet so prone to halt or stray,
Foolish heart so restive on the rack!
Yesterday we sighed, but not to-day,
Looking back.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

OCTOBER 10.

GREAT peace have they which love
thy law.—*Psa. cxix, 165.*

MY Savior, why should I complain.
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within.
These surface-troubles come and go
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.
—*Faber.*

OCTOBER 11.

THEREFORE being justified by faith,
we have peace with God through our
Lord Jesus Christ.—*Rom. v, 1.*

Is THIS the peace of God, this strange
sweet calm?

The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 'tis as if beside some cool, clear
rill

Through shadowy stillness rose an even-
ing psalm.

And all the noise of life were hushed
away,

And tranquil gladness reigned with
gently soothing sway.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I
see

Less sin, but more of pardoning love
with thee,

And all-sufficient grace. Enough!
And now

All fluttering thought is stilled, I
only rest,

And feel that thou art near, and
know that I am blest.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

OCTOBER 12.

PEACE, be still.—*Mark iv, 39.*

PEACE, perfect peace, with sorrows
surging round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is
found.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
known?

Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect, perfect peace, death
shadowing us and ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers. —*E. H. Bickersteth.*

OCTOBER 13.

BLESSED are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.—*Matt. v, 9.*

God's saints are shining lights: who
stays

Here long; must passe
Over dark hills, swift streames, and
steep ways

As smooth as glasse;

But these all night,

Like candles, shed

Their beames, and light

Us unto bed.

They are, indeed, our pillar fires,
Seen as we go;

They are that city's shining spires
We travel to.

A sword-like gleame

Kept man for sin

First out; this beame

Will guide him in.

—*H. Vaughan.*

OCTOBER 14.

THE meek shall inherit the earth;
and shall delight themselves in the
abundance of peace. . . . Mark
the perfect man, and behold the up-
right; for the end of that man is peace.
—*Psa. xxxvii, 11, 37.*

HOW BEAUTIFUL within our souls to
keep

This treasure the All-Merciful hath
given;

To feel, when we awake, and when we
sleep,

Its incense round us, like a breeze
from heaven!

Quiet at hearth and home,

Where the heart's joys begin;

Quiet where'er we roam,

Quiet around, within.

—*Anon.*

OCTOBER 15.

FOLLOW peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.—*Heb. xii, 14.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;

When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!

Know his love in full completeness

Fills the measure of thy weakness;

If he wound thy spirit sore

Trust him more.

To his own thy Savior giveth

Daily strength;

To each troubled soul that liveth

Peace at length:

Weakest lambs have largest sharing

Of this tender Shepherd's caring;

Ask him not, then, when or how—

Only bow.

—*Tr. from K. R. Hagenbach.*

OCTOBER 16.

THE Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.
—*Luke i, 78, 79.*

SAVE us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

—*Charles Wesley.*

OCTOBER 17.

FINALLY, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.—*Phil. iv, 8, 9.*

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of
peace;

Without thy guiding hand we go
astray,

And doubts appall, and sorrows still in-
crease;

Lead us through Christ, the true and
living way.

Lead us, O Father, to the heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path
may be,

Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest
best,

Until our lives are perfected in thee.

—*Wm. H. Burleigh.*

OCTOBER 18.

THE kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

—*Rom. xiv, 17.*

I FEEL within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

—*Shakespeare.*

Now I WANT you to think that in life troubles will come, which seem as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning can not be stayed; the storm in its very nature is transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is Peace.—*George Macdonald.*

OCTOBER 19.

BE perfect, be of good comfort, be of
one mind, live in peace; and the God
of love and peace shall be with you.—
2 Cor. xiii, 11.

HOME by different ways. Yet all
Homeward bound through prayer
and praise,
Young with old, and great with small,
Home by different ways.

Many nights and many days
Wind must blow and rain must fall,
Quake the quicksand, shift the haze.

Life hath called and death will call,
Saints who praying kneel at gaze,
Ford the flood or leap the wall,
Home by different ways.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

OCTOBER 20.

AND the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.
—*Jas. iii, 18.*

To SOJOURN in the world, and yet
 apart;
 To dwell with God, yet still with man
 to feel;
To bear about forever in the heart
 The gladness which His spirit doth
 reveal. —*Anon.*

IF he spared not his own Son most assuredly he will not spare us, if scourging and chastisement be needed for the purification of our souls. Although judgment is his strange work, and he has no pleasure in afflicting the sons of men, yet will he afflict us, and that more severely, the more he desires that we should yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

OCTOBER 21.

GRACE and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord.—*2 Peter i, 2.*

GRANT us thy peace throughout our earthly life,

Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;

Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

—*John Ellerton.*

To WIN true peace a man needs to feel himself directed, pardoned, and sustained by a Supreme Power, to feel himself in the right road, at the point where God would have him be, in order with God and the universe.—*Amiel.*

OCTOBER 22.

BE careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*Phil. iv, 6, 7.*

O FATHER, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee. —*Anon.*

IN a world where there is so much to ruffle the spirit's plumes, how needful that entering into the secret of his pavilion, which will alone bring it back to composure and peace! In a world where there is so much to sadden and depress, how blessed is that communion with him in whom is the one source and fountain of all true gladness and abiding joy! In a world where so much is ever seeking to unhallow our spirits, to render them common and profane, how high the privilege of consecrating them anew in prayer to holiness and to God.—*Trench.*

OCTOBER 23.

NEVERTHELESS we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless.

—2 Pet. iii, 13, 14.

So LIVE, that when thy summons comes
to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but unstained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

WE believe that heaven lies latent in the present as the full-formed flower in the bud of spring; that heaven will be but the perfection and full unveiling of the glory of the earth.

—Hugh Macmillan.

OCTOBER 24.

FOR he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile; let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it.
—1 *Peter iii*, 10, 11.

HEART, heart, awake! The love that
loveth all
Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's
cave:
God in thee, can his children's folly
gall?
Love may be hurt, but shall not love
be brave?

—*George Macdonald*.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of our meditation, the rest of our cares and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness.

—*Jeremy Taylor*.

OCTOBER 25.

Now THE Lord of peace himself
give you peace always by all means.
The Lord be with you all.

—2 *Thess.* *iii*, 16.

✓ FIERCE was the wild billow, dark was
the night,
Oars labored heavily, foam glimmered
white;
Mariners trembled, peril was nigh;
Then said the God of gods, "Peace, it
is I!"

✓ Jesu, Deliverer! come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging over life's
sea;
Then when the storm of death roars
sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth, "Peace,
it is I!" —*Saint Anatolius.*

OCTOBER 26.

AND the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places.

—*Isa. xxxii, 17, 18.*

THY reign eternal will not cease;
Thy years are sure, and glad, and
slow;
Within thy mighty world of peace
The humblest flower hath leave to
blow.

The world is glad for thee! the heart
Is glad for thee! and all is well
And fixed and sure, because THOU ART
Whose name is called Emmanuel.

—*Dora Greenwell.*

GIVE unto thy servants that peace which the world can not give; that our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that we may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior.

—*Book of Common Prayer.*

OCTOBER 27.

PEACE I leave with you, my peace
I give unto you: not as the world giv-
eth, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be
afraid.—*John xiv, 27.*

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chid-
ing?

Who the aching void within shall fill?

Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still?

Only He whose wounded heart was bro-
ken

With the bitter cross and thorny
crown;

Whose dear love glad words of joy had
spoken;

Who his life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer, all our burdens
lighten;

Give us peace, thine own sweet peace,
we pray;

Keep us near thee till the morn shall
brighten,

And all mists and shadows flee away.

—*Canterbury Hymnal.*

OCTOBER 28.

THEN said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.—*John xx, 21, 22.*

PEACE to the soul that seeks that
Friend Divine,
Who on the cross stretched out his arms
to save. —*Michael Angelo.*

O LORD GOD, give peace unto us (for Thou hast given us all things): the peace of rest, the peace of the Sabbath, which hath no evening; yea, give us rest in thee, the Sabbath of eternal life. For thou shalt rest in us as now thou workest in us; and thy rest shall be through us, as thy works are through us. Amen.—*St. Augustine.*

OCTOBER 29.

I WILL cure them, and will reveal
unto them the abundance of peace and
truth.—*Jer. xxxiii, 6.*

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God, which Christ has
bought,
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remainèd there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

—*John Mason.*

OCTOBER 30.

FOR the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.
—*Isa. liv, 10.*

CALM and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall.

—*Tennyson.*

NO MYSTERIOUS dispensation can ruffle the surface of our peace, and raise up agitating doubts and fears, without leaving behind a purer joy, a calmer and deeper satisfaction, that best and truest peace which is born of conflict and trouble. Behind every storm of trial and every cloud of sorrow is the heavenly blue of Christ's unchangeable love.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

OCTOBER 31.

GRACE be unto you, and peace from
God the Father, and from our Lord
Jesus Christ.—*Gal. i, 3.*

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skillful in the wars:
There above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with
smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that can not wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

NOVEMBER 1.

AFTER this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—*Rev. vii, 9, 10.*

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

—*C. Wordsworth.*

NOVEMBER 2.

THAT ye may approve things that are
excellent; that ye may be sincere and
without offense till the day of Christ.

—*Phil. i, 10.*

SINCE service is the highest lot,
And all are in one Body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be
crowned.

The sufferer on the bed of pain
Need not be laid aside from this;
But for each kindness gives again
This joy of doing kindnesses.

This, by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings
crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

—*Anon.*

NOVEMBER 3.

WHEREFORE gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.
. . . As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.—1 *Peter i, 13, 15.*

THEN, fainting soil, arise and sing!
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;
Be sober, for thou art not there.
Till death the weary spirit free
Thy God hath said, 't is good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight;
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of his smile.

—*Keble.*

NOVEMBER 4.

BLESSED are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

—*Rev. xxii, 14.*

PRINCE of peace! of thine appearing
Keep me mindful every day;
Self-forgetting, thee remembering,
Till thou callest me away.

—*Catherine Hankey.*

THE soul that lives, ascends frequently, and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles and admiring the army of martyrs. So do thou lead on thy heart, and bring it to the palace of the Great King.—*Richard Baxter.*

NOVEMBER 5.

THE grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.—*Titus ii, 11, 12.*

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened on man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
—*Joseph Blanco White.*

NOVEMBER 6.

IF ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—*Col. iii, 1-4.*

'T is He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.
My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.
—*Bonar.*

NOVEMBER 7.

FOR as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

—*1 Cor. xv, 22, 23.*

LORD, by the stripes which wounded thee

From death's dread sting thy servants free,

That we may live and sing to thee,

Hallelujah!

—*Francis Pott.*

NOVEMBER 8.

FOR our conversation is in heaven:
from whence also we look for the Sa-
vior, the Lord Jesus Christ.

—*Phil. iii, 20.*

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of stormy soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our
time

By acts or pleasures: doing petty
things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or
rhyme;

But we shall sit beside the silver
springs

That flow from God's own footstool,
and behold

✓ Sages and martyrs, and those blessed
few

Who loved us once, and were beloved of
old,

To dwell with them and walk with
them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,

Musical motion, the perpetual play

Of every faculty that Heaven bestows

Through the bright, busy, and eter-
nal day.

—*Thomas William Parsons.*

NOVEMBER 9.

FOR if by one man's offense death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.—*Rom. v, 17.*

THE Land beyond the Sea!
How close it sometimes seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful
gleams;
My wistful heart looks o'er the strait
and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

O Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

O Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast,
Upon thy shores eternally possess;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea.

—*Anon.*

NOVEMBER 10.

BELOVED, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.—*1 John iii, 2.*

A HOPE so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and
sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
—*Isaac Watts.*

NOVEMBER 11.

So CHRIST was once offered to bear
the sins of many; and unto them that
look for him shall he appear the second
time without sin unto salvation.

—*Heb. ix, 28.*

HE lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up!—the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom
waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his Bride!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

NOVEMBER 12.

NOW THE God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.—*Rom. xv, 13.*

ON the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

AND what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?

—*Robert Browning.*

NOVEMBER 13.

SEEING then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?—*2 Peter iii, 11.*

YET if his majesty, our sovereign Lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I 'll be your guest to-morrow
night,"

How we should stir ourselves, call and
command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle
stand!"

.
Thus, if a king were coming, would we
do;

And 't were good reason, too;
For 't is a duteous thing
To show all honor to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labor lost.

But at the coming of the King of heaven
All 's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ can not find a chamber in the
inn.

We entertain him always like a
stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge him in the
manger.

—*Christ Church MS. (about 1600).*

NOVEMBER 14.

BUT now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Rom. vi, 22, 23.*

REST comes at length; though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn and darksome night be past;

Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last. —*Faber.*

NOVEMBER 15.

BUT God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved) ; and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

—*Eph. ii, 4-6.*

O, CHRIST! he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

—*Anne Cousin.*

NOVEMBER 16.

FATHER, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.—*John xvii, 24.*

THEY who love are but one step from heaven.—*Lowell.*

ON these western windows of the soul the departing sun shines with concentrated radiance when all the rest of the horizon is wrapped in twilight gloom. It is from thence that another and a brighter world is discerned opening upon our view, while this world is sinking in shadow. It is there that we are blinded to everything around us by a sight of the glory that is to be revealed. And the radiance departs not from these windows, even when the gloom of the dark valley—which obscures all earthly glories—falls around. The lights in them are the last that go out, paled and quenched, as firelight by sunlight, by the cloudless light of the everlasting day; for the sunset of earth is the sunrise of heaven.

—*Hugh Macmillan.*

NOVEMBER 17.

A LITTLE while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.
—*John xvi, 16.*

And is it so? “A little while,”
And then the life undying,
The light of God’s unclouded smile,
The singing for the sighing?
“A little while!”—O glorious word,
Sweet solace of our sorrow;
And then “forever with the Lord,”
The everlasting morrow!

Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that he decrees us,
Where his own feet before have gone,
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;
In lowly fellowship with him,
The cross appointed bearing,
For O! a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.
—*Anon.*

NOVEMBER 18.

WE have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.—*Heb. vi, 18.*

HE goes before! And so we may not
look

Backward at all, but onward ever-
more;

Keeping in sight the blessed path he
took,

Patient to bear each cross he meekly
bore;

Trusting his wisdom in the darkest
hour;

O'ercoming every trial through his
power.

He goes before! a shield against the
storm,

A shadow in the noonday, lights at
night;

In danger's hour there is the Shep-
herd's form

But just beyond; though fears may
dim our sight,

O, earthly flock, fear not for evermore!

Where'er we walk, our Shepherd goes
before.

—J. H. T.

THEY that bear the cross after Christ, and are able to fix their eyes upon him going before, have ever in tribulation a joy of which the world knoweth not.—*Isaac Williams.*

NOVEMBER 19.

THAT being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.—*Titus iii, 7.*

CHEER up, desponding soul,
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross;
O, were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
But filled with love divine,
Would die on its own cross,
And rise forever mine.

—*Byrom.*

NOVEMBER 20.

BUT we all, with open face beholding
as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are
changed into the same image from
glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of
the Lord.—*2 Cor. iii, 18.*

BUT lead me, Man Divine,
Where'er thou will'st, only that I may
find
At the long journey's end thy image
there,
And grow more like to it.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

NOVEMBER 21.

THAT as sin hath reigned unto death,
even so might grace reign through
righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus
Christ our Lord.—*Rom. v, 21.*

SOUL! let the voice of Christ, thy sure
Forerunner,
Summon thee now into the heavenly
life.
Soon shall the brightness of the day
flow o'er thee;
Soon peace shall end thy bitter
earthly strife.

Thine are these mansions; thine the
Father's bosom;
Thine the high paths that sinless feet
have trod;
Thine is to be the light that faileth
never,
The endless life of fellowship with
God. —*George T. Purves.*

NOVEMBER 22.

So WHEN this corruptible shall have
put on incorruption, and this mortal
shall have put on immortality, then
shall be brought to pass the saying that
is written, Death is swallowed up in
victory.—1 Cor. xv, 54.

HARK! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

—Alexander Pope.

NOVEMBER 23.

FOR we know that, if our earthly ⁴ house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*2 Cor. v, 1.*

So NOT alone we land upon that shore,
'T will be as though we had been there
before.

We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning
dove,
And be at home at once with our eter-
nal love. —*Faber.*

NOVEMBER 24.

KEPT by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.—*1 Pet. i, 5.*

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the
bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of fare-
well,
When I embark:

For tho' from out the bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

NOVEMBER 25.

AND for this cause he is the Mediator of the new testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.—*Heb. ix, 15.*

MANY soul-longings
Have I had in my day,
Now the hope of my life
Is that tree of triumph
Ever to turn to.

—*Caedmon.*

NOVEMBER 26.

WE look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—*2 Cor. iv, 18.*

AND aye my murkiest stormcloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

—*Anne Cousin.*

FROM these upper windows of the soul we obtain the widest view of the horizon around us, and see glorious glimpses of the land that is very far off. Looking down from that elevation, how small and insignificant do the things that appeared great from their own level appear; how unworthy of the thought we bestowed upon them, or the anxiety with which we regarded them! From these lofty windows the pleasures, honors, vain pursuits of earth form only a kind of ideal world, a sort of splendid show, a species of cloud-land, fleeting and fair as the vapory pageant that gathers around the setting sun, while spiritual things, that seemed below aerial and unsubstantial, appear great and glorious realities.

—*Hugh Macmillan.*

NOVEMBER 27.

As FOR me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

—*Psa. xvii, 15.*

WHY should'st thou fear the beautiful
angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the
skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling
breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine
eyes?

He whom thou fearest will, to ease its
pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching
heart;
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled
brain,
And bid the shadow of earth's grief
depart.

He will give back what neither time,
nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing
hope restore
(Dear as to long-blind eyes recovered
sight),
He will give back those who are gone
before. —*Adelaide A. Procter.*

NOVEMBER 28.

AND I heard a' great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.—*Rev. xxi, 3.*

JERUSALEM, the glorious!

The glory of the elect,—

O dear and future vision

That eager hearts expect!

Ev'n now by faith I see thee,

Ev'n here thy walls discern:

To thee my thoughts are kindled,

And strive and pant and yearn.

—*St. Bernard.*

NOVEMBER 29.

FOR now we see through a glass,
darkly; but then face to face: now I
know in part; but then shall I know
even as also I am known.

—1 Cor. xiii, 12.

THERE grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasures as below
No human voice can utter,
No human tongue can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

—St Bernard.

NOVEMBER 30.

FOR so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.—*2 Pet. i, 11.*

AND now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And he whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

—*St. Bernard.*

Now, JUST as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praise withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

—*John Bunyan.*

DECEMBER 1.

THESE things have I spoken unto
you, that my joy might remain in you,
and that your joy might be full.

—*John xv, 11.*

As THOUGH one pulse stirred all, one
rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through
them, myriad-voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down
their crowns, they stood
And worshiped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon
new lit,
Each face looked one towards its Sun
of Love;
Drank love, and bathed in love, and
mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.

Glory touched glory on each blessed
head,
Hand locked dear hands never to
sunder more,—
These were the new-begotten from the
dead
Whom the great birthday bore.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

DECEMBER 2.

FOR ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

—*Isa. lv, 12.*

ECHO the mountains round; the forest smiles;

And every sense and every heart is joy.

—*James Thomson.*

DECEMBER 3.

BREAK forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people.
—*Isa. lii, 9.*

LEAVE me, O love which reachest but
to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher
things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh
rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure
brings.
Draw in thy beams and humble all thy
might
To that sweet yoke where lasting
freedoms be:
Which breaks the clouds and opens
forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us
sight to see.
O, take fast hold; let that light be thy
guide
In this small course which birth
draws out to death,
And think how ill becometh him to
slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of
heavenly breath.
Then farewell world, thy uttermost I
see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

DECEMBER 4.

PURGE me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.—*Psa. li, 7, 8.*

Do MORE than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

DECEMBER 5.

THE meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.—*Isa. xxix, 19.*

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thraw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.
 —*Lady Nairn.*

DECEMBER 6.

THE Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.—*Zeph. iii, 17.*

Most glorious Lord of Life, that on
this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and
sin,
And having harrowed hell, didst bring
away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy
begin,
And grant that we for whom thou did-
est die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed
from sin,
May live forever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing wor-
thily,
May likewise love thee for the same
again;
And for thy sake, that all like dear
didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we
ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us
taught. —*Edmund Spenser.*

DECEMBER 7.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

—*Matt. v, 3.*

HE that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much:
And Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage.
Here little and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

—*John Bunyan.*

DECEMBER 8.

THY sun shall no more go down;
neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
for the Lord shall be thine everlasting
light, and the days of thy mourning
shall be ended.—*Isa. lx, 20.*

FAR o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward, thither,
In the Spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!
—*Henry Alford.*

DECEMBER 9.

JESUS CHRIST, whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

—1 *Pet. i, 8, 9.*

THOU, O Elder Brother! who
In thy flesh our trial knew,
Thou who hast been touched by these
Our most sad infirmities,
Thou alone the gulf canst span
In the dual heart of man,
And between the soul and sense
Reconcile the difference,
Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of thee and thine,
And through chaos, doubt, and strife,
Interfuse thy calm of life.
Haply thus by thee renewed,
In thy borrowed goodness good,
Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in thee,
And to them in thee allied,
Shall my soul be satisfied.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

DECEMBER 10.

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
and take not thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
and uphold me with thy free Spirit.—*Psa. li, 10-12.*

THE sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is Jesus Christ alone:
To have him always near me
Is heaven itself begun.

—*R. Massie, trans.*

DECEMBER 11.

AND the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

—*Isa. xxxv, 10*

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing
bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrims' limbs affected
slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to
fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and
take my soul to rest!

Ever-blooming are the joys of heaven's
high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor
vapor dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines; whose
beams the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and
raise my sprite to thee!

—*Thomas Campion.*

DECEMBER 12.

AND God shall wipe away all tears
from their eyes; and there shall be no
more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain;
for the former things are passed away.
—*Rev. xxi, 4.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!
—*F. B. P.*

RE-CREATE in us the soul of service,
the spirit of peace; renew in us the
sense of joy.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

DECEMBER 13.

WELL done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—*Matt. xxv, 21.*

FLASH from our eyes the glow of our
 thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and
 calm:
Then through all life and what is after
 living,
Thrill to the tireless music of a
 psalm.

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow
 and through sinning,
He shall suffice me, for he hath
 sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning;
Christ the beginning, for the end is
 Christ.

—*Frederick W. H. Myers.*

DECEMBER 14.

I WILL see you again, and your heart
shall rejoice, and your joy no man
taketh from you.—*John xvi, 22.*

I WOULD be joyful as the days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He
who bore

Life's heaviest cross is mine for ever-
more,

And I who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?

And if sometimes the way be rough and
steep,

Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I could only weep,

Let me remember these things are to
be,

To work his blessed will until he come

To take my hand and lead me safely
home. —*A. D. F. Randolph.*

DECEMBER 15.

THOU wilt show me the path of life ;
in thy presence is fullness of joy ; at
thy right hand there are pleasures for
evermore.—*Psa xvi, 11.*

O ! I AM my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon his merit ;
I know no safer stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

—*Anne Cousin.*

DECEMBER 16.

THOU art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.—*Psa. xxxii, 7.*

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy
soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but fore-
run
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread
and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the
sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then, so
shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him
sleep.

When seasons change, then lay before
thine eyes
His wondrous method; mark the
various scenes
In heaven,—hail, thunder, rainbows,
snow and ice,
Calms, tempests, light and darkness,
by his means;
Thou canst not miss his praise; each
tree, herb, flower,
Are shadows of his wisdom and his
power. —*Henry Vaughan.*

DECEMBER 17.

REJOICE, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven.

—*Matt. v, 12.*

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own
 breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from
 their view.
And thus, alas! since God the Maker
 drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in
 pain,
We miss the prospect which we are
 called unto,
By grief we are fools to use. Be still
 and strong,
O man, my brother, hold thy sobbing
 breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure
 from wrong,
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of
 death.

—*E. B. Browning.*

DECEMBER 18.

IN his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—*Psa. xxx, 5.*

THE light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

DECEMBER 19.

REJOICING that they were counted worthy to suffer.—*Acts v, 41.*

THINK how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee th' appointed
 woe;
Think of his loneliness in places dim,
Where no man comforted nor cared for
 him;
Think how he prayed, unaided and
 alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be
 done!"
Friend, do not thou despair,
Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will
 hear thy prayer. —*Uhland.*

DECEMBER 20.

THEN will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.—*Psa. xliii, 4.*

ETERNAL FATHER, who didst all create,
In whom we live and to whose bosom
move,
To all men be thy name known which
is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's
high gate.
Perfect thy kingdom in our passing
state,
That here on earth thou mayest as well
approve
Our service as thou ownest theirs above,
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.
Grant body and soul each day their
daily bread:
And should, in spite of grace, fresh woe
begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and
dead,
Be thy remembrance mortal of our sin:
By thee in paths of peace thy sheep be
led,
And in the vale of terrors comforted.

—*Robert Bridges.*

DECEMBER 21.

ASK, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.—*John xvi, 24.*

SAY, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?

The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press
with might

Out of his darkness into God's own
light.

All things that live from God their
sustenance wait,

And sun and moon are beggars at his
gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel hands from heaven are
scattering gold. —*Trench.*

DECEMBER 22.

BE ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.—*Isa. lxx, 18.*

WHAT joy must there needs be
Where all God's glory see,
Feeling God's vital love
Which still is burning;
And flaming Godward move,
Full love returning.

I know my God is just,
To him I wholly trust
All that I have and am,
All that I hope for:
All's sure and seen to him
Which I here grope for.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit,
I trust thy love and merit:
Take home this wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it:
This soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

—*Richard Baxter.*

DECEMBER 23.

AND it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

—*Isa. xxi, 9.*

YET if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

—*Trench.*

DECEMBER 24.

REJOICING in hope.—*Rom. xii, 12.*

O HEARTS of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon his breast!

In him of whom the sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was
toned,
Whose need the sage and magian
owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages
groaned!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

DECEMBER 25.

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.—*Luke ii, 10, 11.*

As on the night before this happy morn
A blessed angel unto shepherds told
Where (in a stable) he was poorly born
Whom nor the earth nor heaven of
heavens can hold.

Through Bethlehem rung
This news at their return,
Yea, angels sung
That God was born,
And they made mirth because we
should not mourn.
Their angel carol sing we then,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth he,
And showeth favor unto men.

—*Old English Carol.*

DECEMBER 26.

WE also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

—*Rom. v, 11.*

ALL praise to thee, Eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for a throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine
alone!

A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light;
To make us in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels, round thee
shine.

All this for us thy love has done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless
praise. —*Martin Luther.*

DECEMBER 27.

REJOICE in hope of the glory of God.
—*Rom. v, 2.*

TELL how he cometh; from nation to
nation,

The heart-cheering news let the
earth echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers sal-
vation!

How his people with joy everlasting
are crowned.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

—*W. A. Muhlenburg.*

DECEMBER 28.

THEREFORE, my brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.

—*Phil. iv, 1, 4.*

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

—*Isaac Watts.*

DECEMBER 29.

THESE things write we unto you,
that your joy may be full.

—1 John i, 4.

As WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by thee!

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

—Dix.

DECEMBER 30.

So TEACH us to number our days
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. . . . O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us and the years wherein we have seen evil.—*Psa. xc, 12, 14, 15.*

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

—*Isaac Watts.*

DECEMBER 31.

NOW UNTO him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.—*Jude 24, 25.*

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, who hast guided our steps across another year, we bow before thee in solemn gratitude, as we call to mind thy manifold mercies, of which we have been so unworthy. With full heart we bless thee for all the varied discipline by which thou hast, with patient love, been preparing us day by day for thine everlasting kingdom.

Open our eyes to see thy most blessed will, and may we find therein our peace. As the shadows of the departing year gather round us, we would feel the comforting and reassuring touch of Jesus' hand. Through all our life may he lead us step by step, till he bring us at the last into that world which is all light and in which is no darkness at all. For his own name's sake. Amen.

—*John Edgar McFadyen.*









